

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1892.

## OUR NEW NAVY.\*

BY HENRY W. CRAMP.

THE New Navy has come into existence within the last nine years under Secretaries Chandler, Whitney, and Tracy. The Chief of the Bureau of Construction during all this time has been Chief Constructor T. D. Wilson, U. S. N. The Bureau of Steam Engineering has had at its head Engineers-in-Chief Loring and Melville, while the Chiefs of Ordnance have been Commodores Sicard and Folger.

All the New Navy has been built in private yards so far, and, looking at the mistakes made in other countries where there had been no stop in construction as with us, and noting that among our new vessels there is not one that is considered a failure though judged by the most rigid of old-world standards, this country can feel assured that the Navy Department officials, working hand in hand with the private shipbuilders, have given us a navy, which ship for ship is the best in the world. No matter how severe the requirements, or how great the task, American enterprise, has been ready to meet them and guarantee results, and such results have always been attained and in many cases exceeded.

The vessels actually in commission are as follows :

Name.	Keel laid.	Length.	Breadth.	Displacement.	Contract price.
Chicago, . . . . .	1883	315	48½	4,500	\$89,000
Boston, . . . . .	1883	270½	42	3,189	619,000
Atlanta, . . . . .	1883	270½	42	3,189	617,000
Dolphin, . . . . .	1883	240	32	1,485	315,000
Yorktown, . . . . .	1887	230	36	1,700	455,000
Vesuvius, . . . . .	1887	246½	26½	900	350,000
Baltimore, . . . . .	1887	315	48½	4,413	1,325,000
Petrel, . . . . .	1887	175	31	890	247,000
Charleston, . . . . .	1887	300	46	3,730	1,017,000
Philadelphia, . . . . .	1888	315	48½	4,324	1,350,000
San Francisco, . . . . .	1888	310	49½	4,083	1,428,000
Newark, . . . . .	1887	310	49½	4,083	1,248,000
Cushing, . . . . .	1889	139	14	116	82,750
Concord, . . . . .	1887	230	36	1,700	490,000
Bennington, . . . . .	1888	230	36	1,700	490,000
Miantonomah, . . . . .	1874	290	60	3,900	...
Stiletto, . . . . .	...	88½	11	70	25,000

\*The illustrations in this article are made from photographs by E. H. Hart, New York City.

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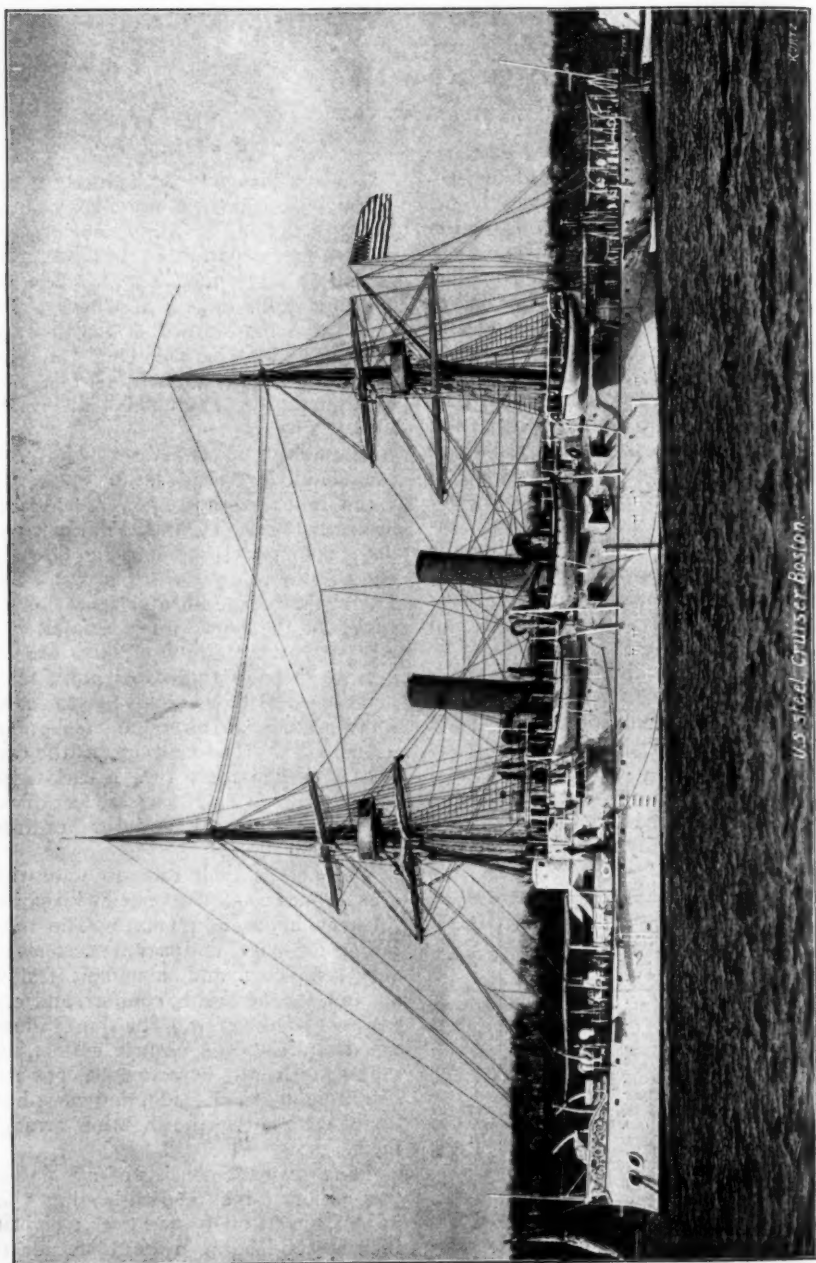
### THE "CHICAGO."

The "Chicago" is distinctly a ship of the American type, not a copy of any foreign design, and its construction marks a new departure in the naval architecture of the United States. She was built by John Roach, at Chester, Pa., and was commissioned at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, March, 1889. The "Chicago" is a steel frigate, classed first-rate, built with ram bow. The hull is built of mild steel.

The motive power is furnished by two compound overhead beam engines of 5,500 indicated horse-power. A steel protective deck, 1½ inches thick, covers the machinery space, curving down at the sides to below the lower water line. During the experimental trials of the vessels of the Squadron of Evolution at Newport, the "Chicago" attained the average speed of 15.3 knots, and a maximum speed of 16.2 knots. She can steam for twenty days at 10 knots and make about 5,000 miles. The capacity of the coal-bunkers is 940 tons. She is bark-rigged and can spread 14,880 square feet of sail to economize coal, and for ordinary cruising purposes.

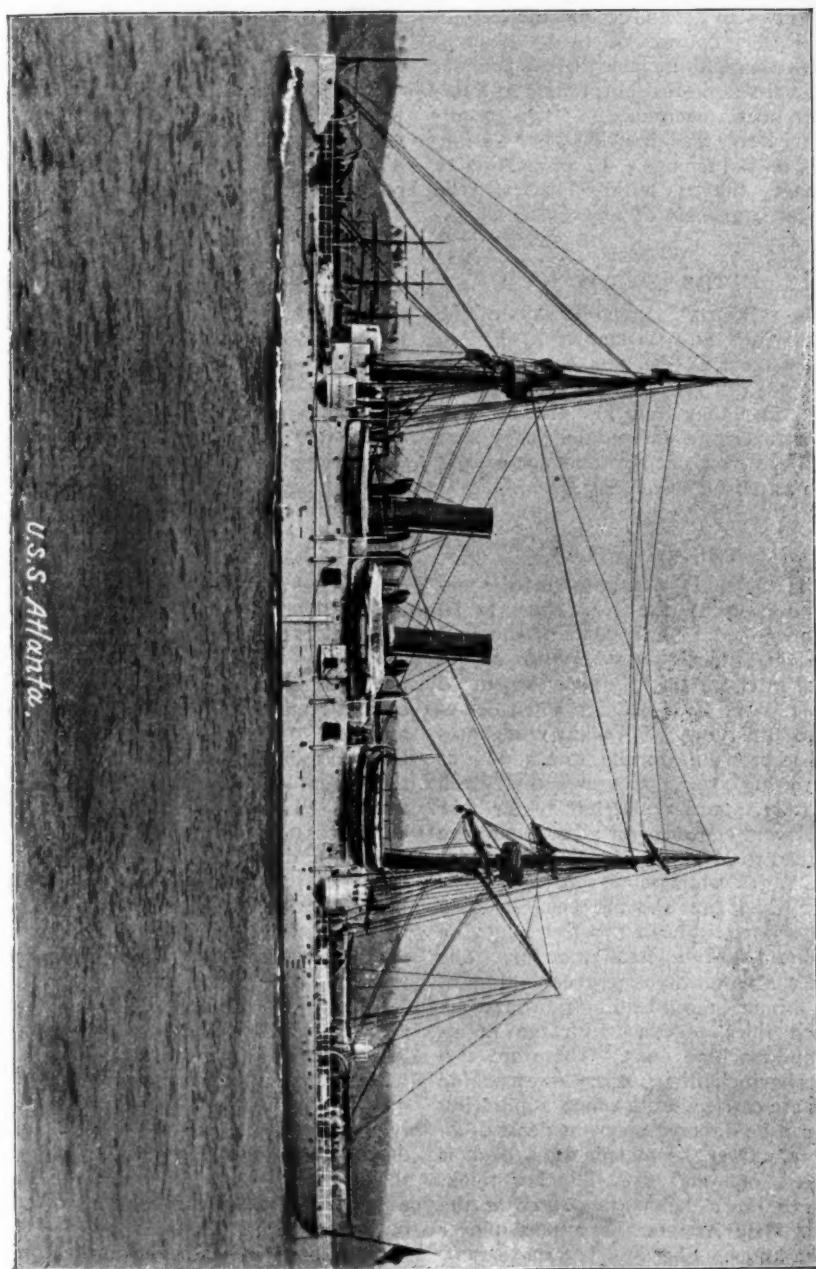
The hull is built in many water-tight compartments, all connected with powerful steam and hand pumps. The ventilation, drainage, and sanitary systems are very complete; and abundant features abound for the health, comfort, and convenience of the crew. The ship is illuminated by Edison's electric system, extending to all departments, powerful search-lights, deck, side, and mast-head lights completing the lighting arrangements.

The armament consists of a main battery of four 8-inch breech-loading rifles in half turrets on the spar deck; eight 6-inch breech-loading rifles broadside on



U.S. Steel Cruiser Boston

K. 1712



*U.S.S. Atlanta.*

the gun deck ; two 5-inch breech-loading rifles aft with stern fire ; and the secondary battery consists of two 6-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns ; two 1-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns ; four 47-millimeter heavy machine guns ; two 37-millimeter heavy machine guns ; two Gatling guns, on rail mounts. In proportion to tonnage, the "Chicago" carries the heaviest armament of any cruiser afloat.

#### THE "BOSTON."

The "Boston" is a sister ship of the "Atlanta," and is similar to her in every respect. She was commissioned May, 1887. The cuts of these vessels show that they have low ends with a superstructure in the middle. They have given great satisfaction and are looked upon as most efficient cruisers.

#### THE "ATLANTA."

The "Atlanta" was the first of the regular cruisers of the New Navy to be commissioned. She is one of the four vessels built under the supervision of the Naval Advisory Board, a board organized by Mr. Wm. E. Chandler when Secretary of the Navy. For many years nothing had been done for the navy, and it was fast rotting away. Congress on March 3d, 1883, appropriated money for four vessels and contracts for all of them were awarded to Mr. John Roach. The "Atlanta" was commissioned in July, 1886. Since which time she has been in constant service. She is 270 feet long ; 42 feet beam, and displaces 3,000 tons. She carries a powerful battery consisting of two 8-inch breech-loading rifles and six 6-inch rifles, together with ten rapid-fire and machine guns. There are two masts having military tops, where machine guns are carried, from which a plunging fire can be directed upon the decks of an enemy. Over the machinery a deck is worked one and a half inches thick, curving down below the water at the sides. The "Atlanta" has a speed of over fifteen knots. She has but one screw. The complement is 28 officers, 246 sailors, and 40 marines. The vessel is lighted

by electricity, and has powerful electric search-lights.

#### THE U. S. STEAMSHIP "DOLPHIN."

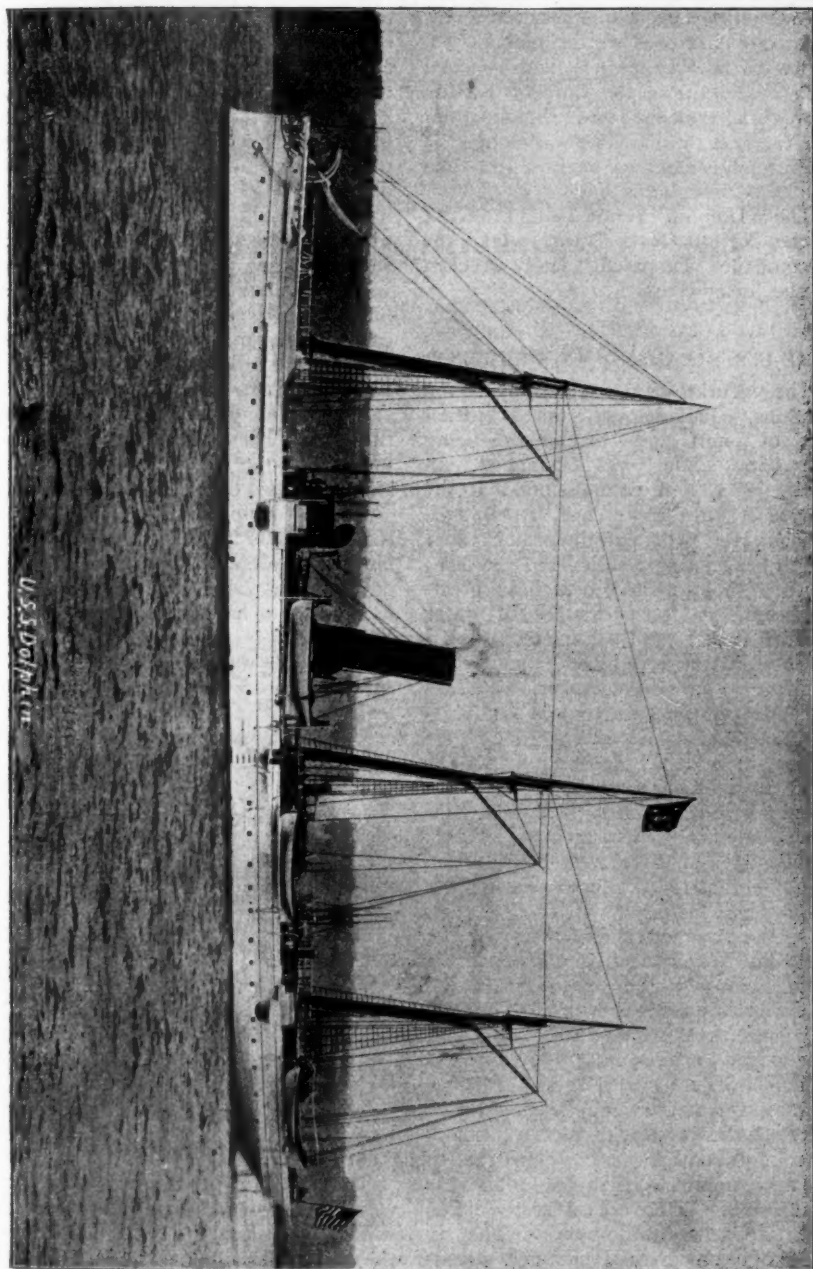
The "Dolphin," designed for a dispatch vessel, was built by John Roach, at Chester, Pa., in 1884. The hull is of steel. There are five water-tight bulkheads and a collision bulkhead a few feet from the stem. The cabin quarters are arranged for use as a temporary flagship. The ward-room has nine state-rooms for officers, finished in hard wood. The motive power is furnished by a vertical direct-acting compound engine driving a single screw. Horse-power in six hours' trial, 2,240. Speed, 15½ knots.

There are two single-end and two double-end boilers, all 11 feet in diameter. Weight of boilers and engines, 420 tons ; bunker capacity, 285 tons. The rig is that of a three-masted schooner. The armament consists of two 4-inch rapid-fire guns, two 6-pounders, four 47 millimeters revolving cannon, and two Gatlings. The complement consists of 10 officers, 80 men, and 20 apprentices.

After several power and speed trials, the "Dolphin" was regularly commissioned in December, 1885 ; and after being attached to the North Atlantic Squadron thirteen months, was ordered on a cruise that eventually carried her around the world. The cruise took her along the entire coast of South America, and in forty-four days after leaving Barbadoes the "Dolphin" was in Callao, Peru, probably the quickest voyage ever made between those places. The trip, except during twelve hours in the Straits of Magellan, was made on one-half boiler power. In December, 1888, the "Dolphin" left Panama for New York, *via* Asia and Europe. This took her again to Honolulu ; and from Honolulu to Yokohama she steamed 3,995 knots in 20¾ days, having been lying to in a gale for thirty hours, and during many days having used but one-third boiler power. On arriving in Yokohama, she had but thirteen tons of coal on board.

The summer was spent on the coasts of Italy, France, and Spain. A brief visit was paid to England. Crossing the Atlan-





tic by the Southern route, the "Dolphin" took soundings every one hundred miles, and arrived in New York, September 27th, 1889. The "Dolphin" had steamed 50,350 knots from the time of leaving New York, January 21st, 1888, until her return; and in that time was stopped at sea for adjustment of engines less than one hour and a half.

The "Dolphin" is now being fitted out at the Norfolk Navy Yard, to take the place of the "Despatch," lately wrecked on the Jersey coast.

#### THE U. S. STEAMSHIP "YORKTOWN."

The "Yorktown" was built by Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, the contract cost of hull and machinery being \$455,000. She was launched in April, 1888, and commissioned at the League Island Navy Yard, April 23d, 1889. Her principal dimensions are: length between perpendiculars, 226 feet; depth of hold, 18 feet 9 inches; greatest beam, 36 feet; draught of water forward, 13 feet, and aft, 15 feet, with a displacement of 1,700 tons.

There are two triple-expansion engines placed in separate water-tight compartments. The air-circulating and bilge pumps are driven independently of the main engines. There are four cylindrical horizontal boilers. The screws are three-bladed,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter. It is calculated that the ship could steam 2,400 miles at 16 knots, and 12,000 miles at 8 knots.

On the contractors' four-hour trial, the "Yorktown" averaged 16.2 knots with a mean horse-power of 3,398. On the measured mile trials at Newport, the average speed for four runs 16.7 knots, and the average horse-power 3,660. There is a complete steel water-tight deck reaching from stem to stern. Above and below this deck the vessel is divided into many water-tight compartments. Two sets of dynamos supply electric lights for all parts of the ship. There are two search-lights each of 25,000 candle-power. The rig is that of a three masted schooner, spreading about 6,300 square feet of canvas.

The armored conning tower is placed

in the after-part of the top-gallant fore-castle. It is oval in shape, fitted with steam steering wheel, speaking tubes, and engine-room telegraph. Forward of the conning tower is a wooden pilot and chart house. The main battery is composed of six 6-inch breech-loading rifles, two on the fore-castle and two on the poop, with one on each side in the waist, mounted in hawsers. All are mounted on central pivot carriages with 2-inch armored shields.

Two 3-pounder Hotchkiss guns are mounted in bow ports under the fore-castle; two 6-pounders and two Gatlings on the rail between the poop and fore-castle; two 37-millimeter revolving cannons in stern ports in the cabin under the poop. There are six torpedo launching tubes, one in the bow, one in the stern, and two on each side of the ship.

The "Yorktown" is somewhat similar to the "Archer" class of the British navy, but with much heavier battery and greater power. Yet she has developed no weaknesses as has been the case with the English vessels.

The cut shows the "Yorktown" on her speed trials off Newport, the swift torpedo boat, the "Stiletto," having cut across her bows to enable the photograph to be taken.

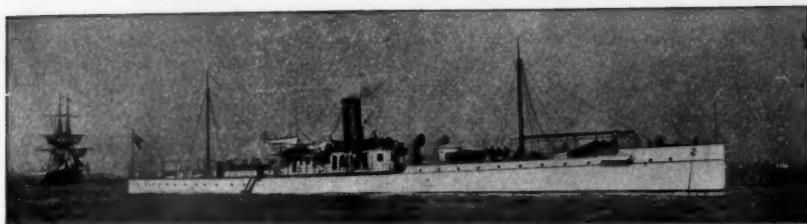
#### THE "CONCORD" AND "BENNINGTON."

These vessels are sister ships of the "Yorktown," the hull and machinery being on the same lines. The contract price for each was \$490,000. The contracts for the vessels were awarded to N. F. Palmer, Jr., & Co., and the engines were built by that company, the hulls being built at Chester, Pa.

#### DYNAMITE GUN CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

This vessel was built with a view to determining the efficiency of dynamite guns afloat.

The contract for this vessel and guns was let to the Pneumatic Gun Company, which company sublet the construction of the hull and machinery to the Cramps. The latter company guaranteed to build a vessel to develop a speed of 20 knots;



U. S. DYNAMITE CRUISER VESUVIUS.

the speed actually attained was 21.65 knots.

The vessel is fitted with three dynamite guns about 55 feet long, extending up through the deck forward. These guns are neither elevated nor trained relatively to the vessel. The required range is attained by regulating the quantity of compressed air, which is admitted in rear of the projectile, the amounts of air for various ranges being determined by experiment. These guns are 15 inches

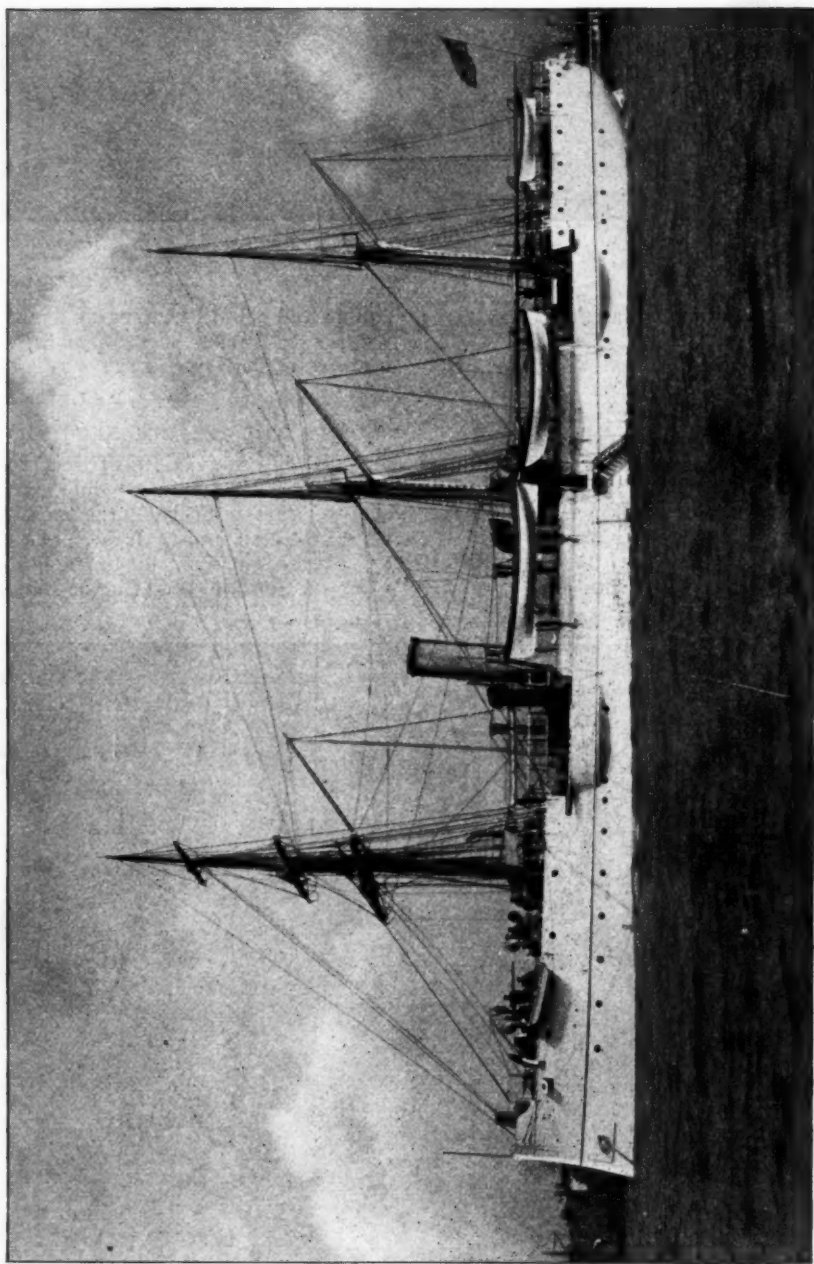
calibre and can fire charges of dynamite weighing as much as 500 pounds, with accuracy and safety.

#### THE "BALTIMORE."

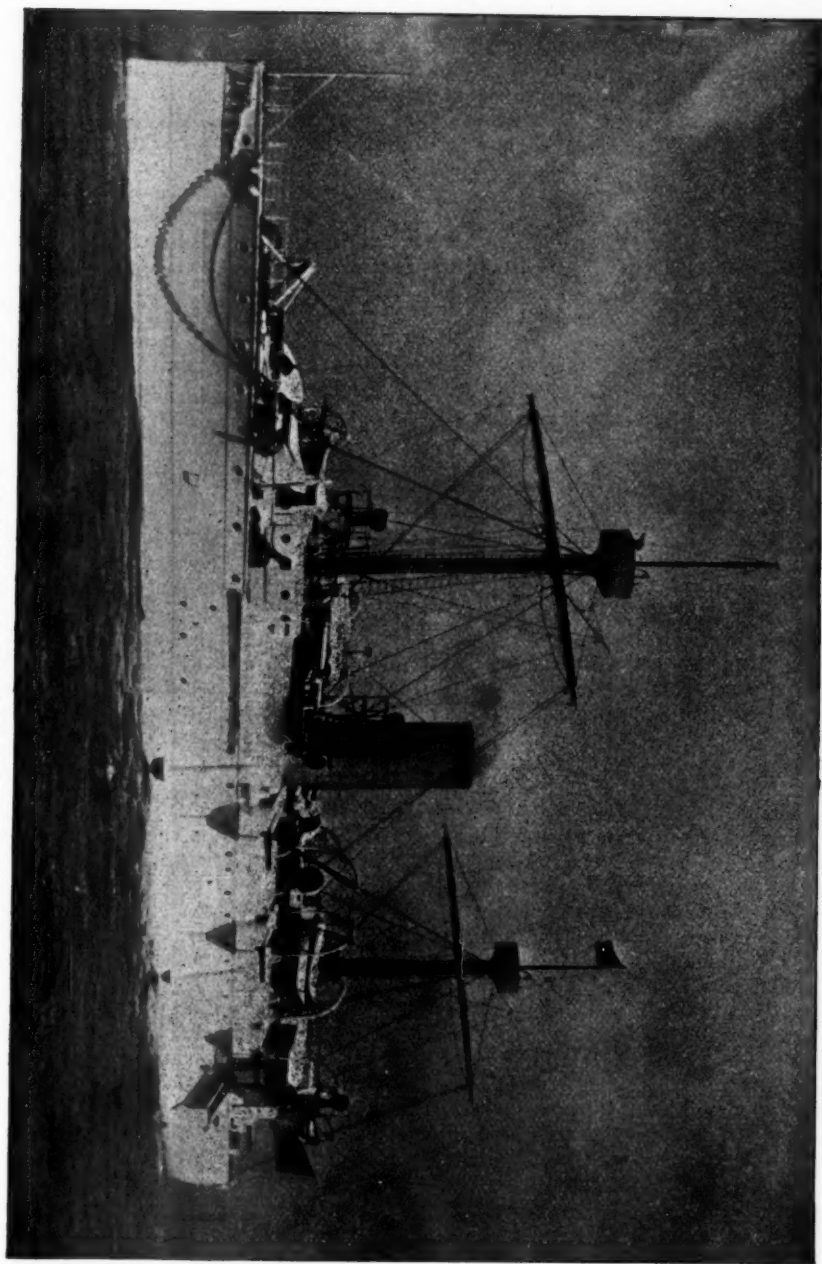
With the completion of this vessel the United States came into possession of what is probably the most efficient protected cruiser afloat. She cost \$1,325,000, and was built by the William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building



CAPTAIN SCHLEY, IN HIS CABIN ON THE BALTIMORE.



U. S. GUNBOAT PETREL.



U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER CHARLESTON.



Company, of Philadelphia. In this vessel the Government demanded a vessel superior to old-world standards and heavier penalties were to be exacted in case of failure to realize all that was demanded. She can best be compared with the "Chicago" which equalled any foreign vessel of her date. Of about the same displacement and with only a few less of the smaller guns the "Baltimore" has a heavy protected deck extending from end to end, absolutely protecting her machinery, magazines, shell-rooms, and steering gear, and about four knots greater speed.

The battery consists of four 8-inch breech-loading guns mounted in light open barbettes on the poop and forecabin, six 6-inch guns in broadside sponsons, and a large number of machine and rapid-firing guns. The 8-inch guns fire 250-pound shells with a charge of 125 pounds of powder, and have a range of about eight miles. The horse-power required was 9,000. On the contractors' official trial this was exceeded by 1,064, which made the total horse-power 10,064, which was developed on 900 tons weight of machinery including the water in the boilers and condensers, and earned for the contractors a bonus of \$106,400. The engines are of the horizontal triple expansion type, the diameters of the cylinders being 42.60 and 94 inches respectively, with a stroke of 42 inches. The "Baltimore" easily kept pace over a long distance, while under natural draught, with one of the latest crack French cruisers, "Le Tage," under forced draught. She is generally considered a 20-knot ship. This vessel was selected as the one to carry the body of the late John Ericsson to his native land. From Sweden she cruised in the Mediterranean, where she attracted great attention, and was universally admired for her graceful appearance, efficient design, and excellent workmanship.

From the Mediterranean she proceeded to Chile, and it was the landing party from her that was subject to the unprovoked attack, the details of which are so fresh in the minds of our people.

She was far better than any vessel the

Chileans possessed, and her commander, Captain W. S. Schley, U. S. N., stood ready to fight them all single-handed.

It is related of Captain Schley that while lying at Valparaiso an intimation was received that the "Baltimore" would probably be attacked that night. Captain Schley at once called away his gig and was rowed to the French flagship lying near him. He explained the situation to the French Admiral, who at once acceded to his request to get out of the way. A similar action was taken by the commander of a German vessel lying there. The Captain then went aboard H. M. S. "Melpomene," Captain Lane, lying between the "Baltimore" and the Chilean cruiser "Esmeralda," where the same requests were made. The British captain said he was very well satisfied with his anchorage and did not propose to move.

"Very well," said Captain Schley, pointing to the "Esmeralda," "if I am attacked I shall bring my eight-inch guns to bear on her, and if you are in the way you might be blown out of the water."

Night closed about them and no signs were noticed of the Englishman moving, but in the morning it was found that he had moved under cover of the night.

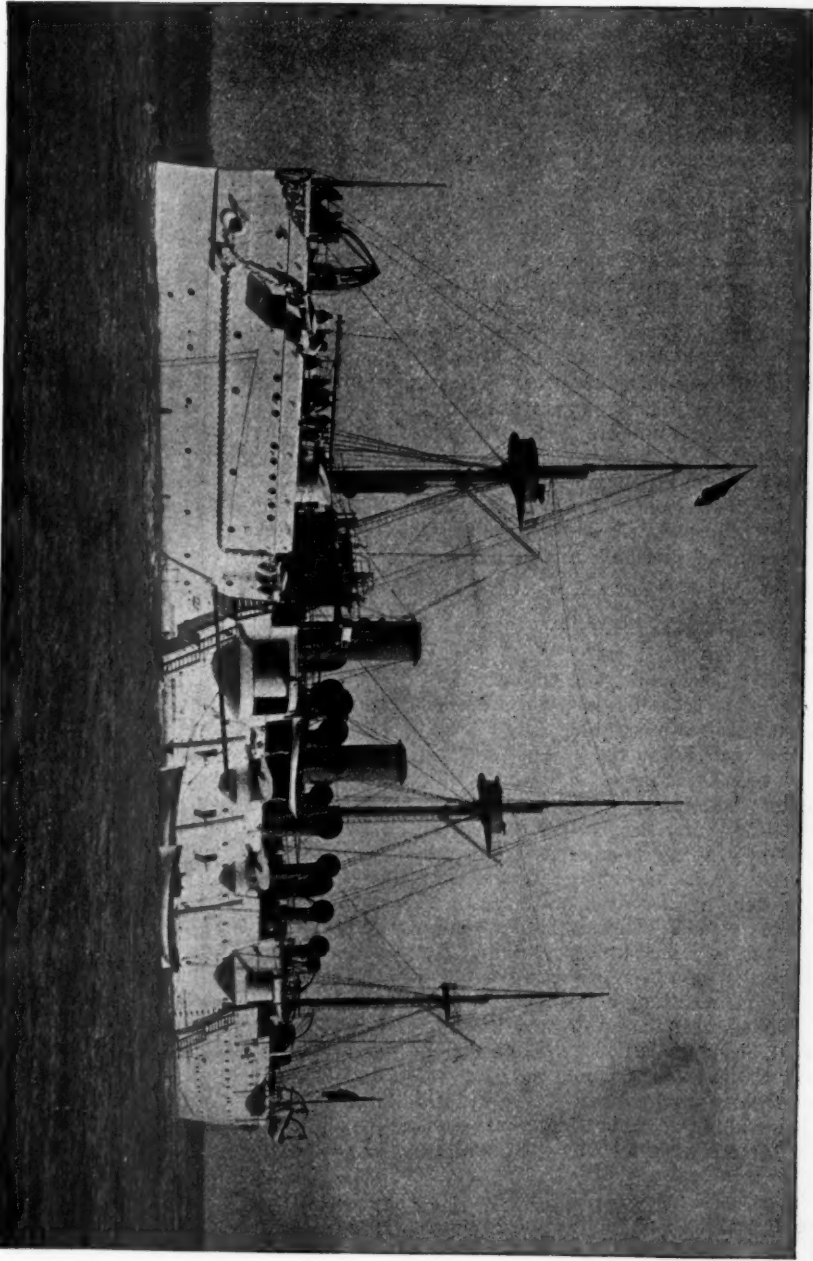
#### U. S. GUNBOAT "PETREL"

The "Petrel" is the smallest of the gunboat class, being only of 890 tons displacement. Her keel was laid at the Columbian Iron Works, in Baltimore, Md., in 1887, the contract price for hull and machinery being \$247,000.

She has a heavy battery for a vessel of her size, as she carries four 6-inch breech-loading rifles, which fire projectiles weighing 100 pounds, with 50 pounds of powder. In addition she has two 3-pounder and one 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, two 37-millimeter Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and two Gatlings.

Her speed is a little over 11.5 knots. The vessel, though small, is comfortable in her arrangements, and the quarters are well lighted and well ventilated.

Vessels of this class are handy and



U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER PHILADELPHIA.

reasonably cheap, for peace cruising; and she finds her mission in the shallow rivers and harbors of the China station to which she is now attached. The general policy of the Navy Department is against vessels as small as the "Petrel," and she has never been duplicated, her want of speed being considered a very serious drawback.

The guns of the "Petrel" are not considered as of the type best adapted to vessels of her class, although they are a most excellent weapon. Since the day they were proposed, naval ordnance has made such great strides, and breech mechanism for quick-fire guns has been so much perfected, that were the "Petrel" to fit out again in home waters, she would probably have rapid-fire guns of from four inches to five inches in calibre.

She is a trim little craft, being barkentine rig, and spreading a considerable amount of canvas, which in a fresh fair breeze is an appreciable aid to her machinery.

#### U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "CHARLESTON."

The "Charleston" was authorized by Congress in March, 1885, the contract was signed in 1886, and her keel was laid in the year following. The contract price was \$1,017,000. She is a little smaller than the "Newark" and "San Francisco," and her battery is made up differently, being composed of two 8-inch and six 6-inch rifles; with a secondary battery of rapid-fire guns made up as follows: four 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, and two 1-pounders with four 37-millimeter Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and two Gatlings of 0.45-inch calibre.

This vessel is, except in details of internal accommodations, a duplicate of the "Naniwa-kan," which was in turn a progressive development of the Chilean "Esmeralda," inasmuch as she has greater speed, more powerful armament, and superior protection.

The "Charleston" has neither poop nor forecastle, and the unhampered ends give in action perfect freedom of fire for her two 8-inch guns, which are mounted in low barbettes on the midship line,

sixty feet from the bow and stern respectively. The pieces are without armor protection, except that offered against machine-gun fire by a thin shield of steel.

The "Charleston" has good quarters for her crew and officers, although not specially well designed for a flagship. She is equipped with blowers for exhausting vitiated air from the living space, the coal-bunkers, and the store-rooms; or for forcing fresh air into the same. She is lighted throughout by incandescent lamps, and has search-lights and a system of signal-lights as a part of her outfit. The engines, magazines, boilers, and all that is generally known as the vitals are below a curved protective deck made of steel. This is the vessel that was sent in search of the "Itata" when that vessel took such an unceremonious leave of this country without the proper papers. The "Charleston" is a powerful, efficient, and speedy vessel.

#### THE "PHILADELPHIA."

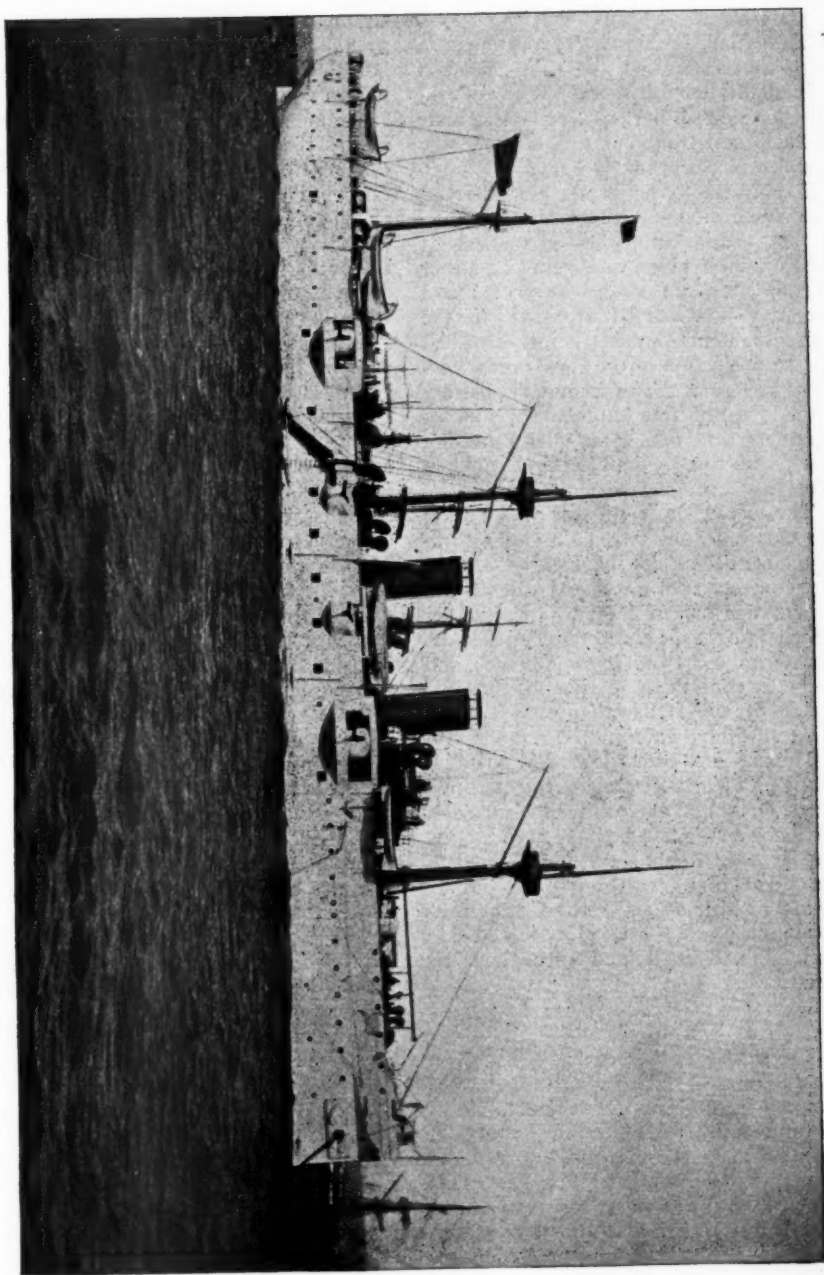
Congress appropriated money in 1887 for two protected cruisers, which were generally known as the "19-knot cruisers." Plans were gotten up by the Navy Department for the vessels, the hulls being similar to that of the "Newark," but heavier engines were carried.

When bids were opened the Messrs. Cramp submitted a special bid for a vessel having the hull of the "Baltimore" with modifications to suit the different battery to be carried, and with engines of their own design. The contract was awarded them on this bid, the price being \$1,350,000.

This vessel, for more than four hours, developed a speed three-quarters of a knot in excess of what was guaranteed, earning a well-deserved bonus for her builders.

The battery consists of twelve 6-inch breech-loading rifles and a great number of machine guns. She has proved a most efficient cruiser, and is, in every way, a most successful ship. It was expected that in case of trouble with Chile that she would be sent to Europe to head off the "Captain Prat," the armored vessel building for Chile.

U. S. CRUISER SAN FRANCISCO.



## PROTECTED CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO."

The "San Francisco" was known as a 19-knot cruiser at the time she was being built, but this speed was considerably exceeded on her trial. She was built at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, at a contract price of \$1,428,000.

The horse-power is 10,400, derived from horizontal triple-expansion engines.

Her main battery is composed of twelve 6-inch rifles, one being on either of the poop and of the forecabin; and the others four in each broadside in the waist, segmental shields being furnished for the protection of the guns' crews, who serve the guns. The secondary battery is made up of four 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, and two 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, with three 37-millimeter Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and four Gatlings.

The forced draft of this vessel is on the closed ash-pit system, and its workings have been quite satisfactory. After the contract trial for speed one of her boilers was driven at full power under forced draught for eight consecutive hours to determine the coal consumption; and no better proof can be given of the good design of the boiler than that it stood this test without injury.

The diameter of her low pressure cylinder is 94 inches, of the intermediate cylinder, 60 inches, and of the high pressure, 42 inches; the stroke being 36 inches. She has four double-ended, and one single-ended boilers, two three-bladed screws, which revolve at the rate of 125 turns per minute. She is well ventilated and drained, and is lighted throughout by electricity.

## THE "NEWARK."

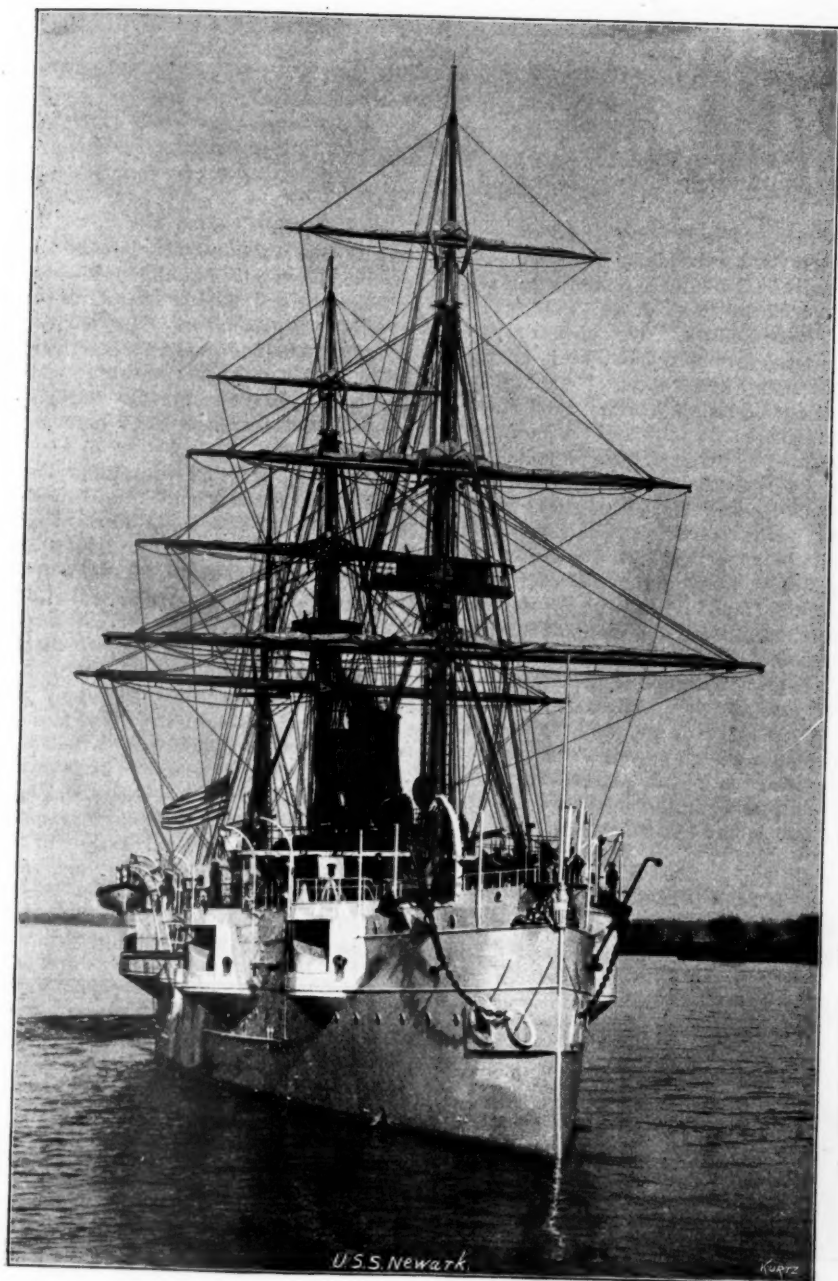
The "Newark" is entirely American in design and fittings. Her hull was planned in the Navy Department, Washington; and her engines were designed and built by the contractors, William Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa. This vessel, known as Cruiser No. 1, was authorized by Act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1885, but none of the bids received were within the limit of the appropriation. A year later, Congress in-

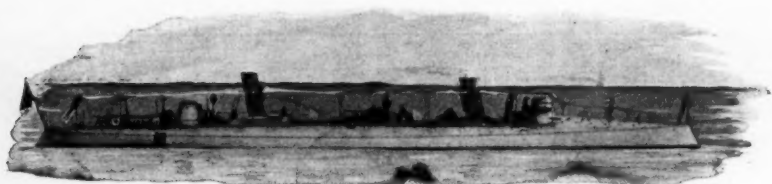
creased the amount available, and the Cramps contracted to build her for \$1,248,000, and commenced her in the latter part of 1887. She was launched March 19th, 1890, and was commissioned at Cramp's shipyard, February 2d, 1891, and at the same yard her battery and other fittings were placed on board. On the 17th of April, 1891, she steamed away, going down the Delaware to League Island, where she tested, with success, the new Simpson dry dock, which was opened a month before. Later on, she took her powder and shell from Fort Mifflin, and on the 4th of May commenced her maiden trip, leaving for Hampton Roads, Va., to join the squadron of evolution.

The "Newark" is a protected steel cruiser, classed first-rate, with ram bow, bilge keels, and three-bladed twin screws. She was designed to have a displacement of 4,083 tons, and horse-power of 8,500; and on official trial trip exceeded the latter by about 360 horse-power, which gained the contractors a premium of \$36,000. The speed on the official trial was stated to be about nineteen and a half knots. She is an exceptionally strong ship. Her transverse frames are but three feet between centres, and she is divided into numerous water-tight compartments by transverse and longitudinal bulkheads, all of which add to the strength of her hull. Her engines, boilers, dynamos, steering engines, magazines, shell-rooms, etc., are all below a curved protective deck, extending from end to end.

The "Newark" is equipped with blowers for exhausting vitiated air from the living space and the coal-bunkers and store-rooms, or for forcing fresh air into the same. She is lighted throughout by incandescent lamps, and has three dynamos and engines, either one of which is capable of supplying the current necessary for the ordinary service of the ship. Three search-lights and a system of electrical signal lamps form part of the electrical outfit. Her length is 328 feet; breadth of beam, 49 feet; extreme draft about 21½ feet. Her maximum coal capacity is 810 tons, and her daily consumption, at a speed of







U. S. TORPEDO BOAT CUSHING.

fifteen knots, is about 70 tons. At a speed of eight knots, she can steam about 10,500 knots in 55 days.

The "Newark" has unusually good quarters for her crew, and excellent quarters for her officers. The full complement of the ship, when a flagship, is 29 officers and 359 men. When not a flagship, 28 officers and 338 men. Her primary battery consists of twelve 6-inch breech-loading rifled steel guns, on central pivot carriages. The secondary battery comprises four 6-pounder rapid fire, four 3-pounder rapid fire, two 1-pounder rapid fire, two 37 millimeter Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and four Gatlings. She is fitted with six ports for discharging automobile torpedoes, and in her armory she carries 217 magazine rifles, 185 revolvers, and 64 cutlasses. Although a high-powered steamer, she is provided with sail power, being bark rigged, and designed to spread about 12,000 square feet of canvas.

#### TORPEDO BOAT "CUSHING."

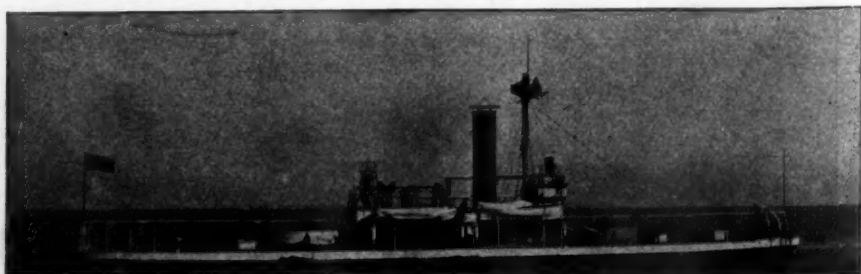
The "Cushing" is the first torpedo boat that has been built for the modern

navy. She was constructed at the works of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, at Bristol, Rhode Island, and is of 116 tons displacement. Her length between perpendiculars is 138 feet 9 inches; beam, 14 feet 10 inches; mean draught, 5 feet 3 inches. Her greatest draught is amidships, as her keel rises both at the bow and stern.

She is to be fitted with tubes suited both to the Howell and the Whitehead torpedoes, and will in addition have a battery of rapid-fire guns. Her speed, derived from twin screw, vertical, quadruple expansion engines, is usually given as 22.5 knots; but the vessel has made a little over 25 knots, and with all the weights aboard, can make 24 knots hour after hour, as long as her coal supply lasts.

Her keel was laid in 1889, and the contract price was \$82,750, which does not include her battery. She has proved to be a handy boat, and a good sea boat.

The quarters are necessarily cramped, as is the case with all boats of her class, but they are comfortable, airy, and well ventilated; advantage having been taken to make them as commodious as circumstances would admit.



U. S. DOUBLE-TURRETED MONITOR MIANTONOMAH.

A somewhat different disposition of her guns and torpedo tubes from what was the original intention has given a direct fire ahead and astern, and resulted in much greater efficiency.

The "Cushing" not only compares very favorably with foreign torpedo boats, but stands very near the head of her class.

While the destructive effect of a torpedo exploded in the right place at the right time is most terrible, it is probable that the Navy Department, before recommending a great number of such vessels, will make exhaustive experiments to determine whether such vessels are really as efficient as claimed by their advocates. These boats are but shells, and they must approach within a few hundred yards of the vessel to be attacked, and with the storm of shells from machine-guns that would be poured into them they would have but little chance to get near enough to do any damage.

#### DOUBLE-TURRETED MONITOR "MIANTONOMAH."

At the time of our civil war, there were a number of double-turreted monitors in service, having wooden beams, and consequently not very durable.

Some of these were broken up, others were sold, but four of them were ordered to be rebuilt, and among the number was the "Miantonomah." The contract was taken by Mr. John Roach, of Chester, Pa., and the keel of the vessel was laid in 1874. The engines are of the inclined compound type, intended to drive twin screws to develop 1,426 horse-power, and to give the vessel the speed of 10.5 knots.

At the time the "Miantonomah" was contracted for, the country had no mills fitted for rolling the 11½-inch plates required for her turrets and smoke-stack armor, and the contract was placed abroad with Messrs. Cammell and Messrs. Brown, two English firms employing different patents in making compound armor.

The forgings for the 10-inch guns were also beyond the possibilities of our hammers, and, consequently, the order for them also was placed abroad, so that the

material for three of her guns is of foreign manufacture, the fourth being forged at the Bethlehem Iron Works; but all four were machined and assembled at the Government Ordnance Shops in Washington. The side plating is of the laminated type—that is, the armor is composed of seven 1-inch plates bolted together.

The 10-inch guns are arranged in what is called the binocular system; or, in other words, in pairs in each turret. They are breech-loading steel rifles throwing projectiles weighing 500 pounds with a charge of 280 pounds of powder.

The muzzle energy of this projectile is 14,996-foot tons, which is sufficient to drive it through 19.83 inches of steel.

In addition to the main battery, there are two 6-pounders and two 3-pounders rapid-fire guns, of the Driggs, Schroeder, and Hotchkiss types; two 37-millimeter revolving cannon, and two Gatlings. A military mast is carried, in the armored top of which a portion of the secondary battery is mounted.

Below, a great deal of attention has been bestowed upon the matters of lighting, drainage, and ventilation, so that the quarters have been in every way improved. The air is no longer vitiated by the flickering and smoky lamps, as she has electric lights; and the ventilating fans insure an excellent circulation. In order to prevent the dampness that was once so objectionable a feature, cork paint has been used, and the vessel is now as dry and warm as could be desired.

In a trial of her guns and their hydraulic fittings that took place in Gardiner's Bay early this year, everything was found to work most satisfactorily; and although the discharge was along the decks, the only effect of the concussion was to break a small amount of crockery and glassware below.

Such vessels are excellent for harbor defense, but they could not be sent to a distance without a convoy.

#### "STILETTO."

This vessel is a wooden torpedo boat of great speed. She was built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., of Bris-

tol, R. I., as a yacht, but owing to the great power put in her the machinery was so large that it reduced very much the accommodations so that she was not accepted.

The Herreshoffs then offered her to the Government, and a board of naval officers was appointed by Secretary Whitney to try her and report as to the advisability of buying her.

She was tried in Narragansett Bay, and developed a mean speed of 23 knots per hour in six runs over the measured mile.

The board recommended the purchase of the vessel for the reason that the Government possessed no vessel where the manipulation of automobile torpedoes could be carried out at the great speed attained by modern torpedo boats. To handle torpedoes on a vessel going at over 20 knots an hour, requires special training, and while the boats could if absolutely necessary be obtained by purchase, a trained torpedo corps was most necessary if they were to be efficiently fought.

The vessel was purchased and is now

used at the Newport Torpedo Station for the purposes above outlined.

The vessels described above are now scattered over the seas and are carrying our flag to all the ports of the world. Our officers and seamen are no longer compelled to feel that they must enter engagements handicapped by obsolete ships and weapons. They have the best ships class for class in the world.

We have developed and perfected the protected cruiser, next must come the battleships and armored vessels of all classes, and we need only point to what has been done as an earnest of what will be done. Our people will only be satisfied if the coming vessels compare as favorably with similar vessels of other nations as those already built, and as the genius of the American people is not on the wane, no intelligent observer can doubt but that in the near future we shall be in the front rank of maritime powers instead of bringing up the rear as we did in 1885, nor will this great nation permit a halt till this glorious result is achieved.

### ON THE SURFACE.

**"THEY bear it well!" we say of those**

**Who stand alone in storm and stress.**

**Unmoved they seem; but each heart knows**

**Its bitterness.**

**"She hath forgot!" we say of one**

**Whose heart beat faithful to our own.**

**Yet who with memory hath done?**

**The dead alone.**

**The saddest words that lips can say**

**Are those we utter not at all;**

**And our most bitter tears are they**

**That must not fall.**

## A MODERN SOPHISTER.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

### CHAPTER I.

IT was one of Mark Crackanthorpe's favorite theories that if any meal in the day should be enlivened with a flow of spirits and wit and genial intercourse, that meal was breakfast, for, as he put it, the heart which is not light and gay at eight o'clock in the morning is never light.

He regretted the decadence of the good old custom of small select breakfast parties, and declared that all the young men were too sedate and comfort-loving in these days to deserve the boon of glorious youth. The era of old heads on young shoulders had come, he said, and folly had gone out of fashion with the desire to amuse and to be amused.

"There is not a young man of my acquaintance," he would declare, vehemently, "who is really as young as I am. These young fellows nowadays take life so seriously. Their foppishness is their gravity. They lie in bed late, and they have as many ailments as if they were all born nonagenarians," and then he would lapse into reminiscences of the merry breakfasts he used to attend in his younger days, when those big, old-fashioned, oak-panelled dining-rooms in the houses on Beacon Street and Louisburg Square used to be filled every morning with half the wits and men of letters in Boston. He used to laughingly aver that his old lost and scattered friends had left him a legacy of their wit, and that his niece, Miss Ruth Brandon, since those old-fashioned breakfasts were now a thing of the past, had the advantage of listening to the concentrated wit of that never-to-be-equalled generation from his lips.

Mr. Crackanthorpe had a habit of speaking of himself as belonging to the past generation, but, in fact, he had been a mere stripling at those famous gatherings and was now a ruddy, well-

preserved man of forty or thereabouts, whose iron-gray air simply added an air of distinction to his broad, upright figure and gave one no impression of years.

But as he sat at breakfast on the bright April morning on which this story opens, he did not appear to be making the least attempt to practice his theory of matutinal cheerfulness. As a rule this was one of the theories which he observed as well as preached, for in this case the theory was the growth of the practice, and not, as is usually the case with men's theories, merely an attempt to make the theory and the practice intermittently agree. He used to laugh and talk as gayly as his niece herself, and she had one of those sunny, cheerful dispositions which seem to have been sent by Providence to brighten all the hearts and homes they enter. But this morning he scarcely looked at Miss Ruth Brandon at all and seemed strangely nervous and silent, and, contrary to his usual custom, he read his newspaper as he ate his toast—actually read a newspaper at breakfast time!—though it must be admitted that he did so in such a listless and perfunctory manner that he learned but little of its contents. One of the quarrels Mr. Crackanthorpe had with the present generation was its wearing, useless haste, its multiplication of occupations, and short cuts and compromises. He had often said that the man who could not delay his impatience to learn the events and opinions contained in his newspaper until after breakfast was a barbarian. This morning he read the advertisements with exaggerated avidity, and scarcely spoke half a dozen words to his niece; and she, too, appeared to be equally as constrained and embarrassed. But she was under the protection of the huge steam coffee-urn, and when her uncle's eyes occasionally glanced at her over the top of his newspaper, with the feminine genius for in-



venting occupations, she became engrossed in a scrutiny of the internal apparatus of the urn. Both were conscious of the unusualness of each other's proceedings, and both tried to avoid any exterior confession of the fact, and attempted to appear as if this constraint and pre-occupation were the natural and normal atmosphere of breakfast-time.

Once or twice Mr. Crackanthorpe had it in his mind to try to jest about it, and so come at once to the matter which occupied their minds, and which each hoped that the other would broach first. Finally he concluded there was a vague idea of postponement in his niece's mind she could not overcome, and as he could not remain in suspense he reasoned with himself that it was his duty to take the initiative, and in helping his niece to a way out of her embarrassment escape from his own in the words of congratulation he had lain awake half the night carefully composing.

He pushed his chair slowly back from the table, and looking up with a smile, said, "Did *he* call last evening, Ruth?"

Although Ruth had been half expecting this question, she looked a little startled as her eyes met those of Mr. Crackanthorpe's.

"I suppose by 'he' you mean Mr. Vedder?" Then her eyes fell, and she busied herself with filling cups of coffee for imaginary guests.

"Mr. Vedder!" said her uncle, in surprise. "I thought—"

"Well, Hartley," she said, with an increase of color in her cheeks. "You know, uncle, he asked me to marry him last night, and I said that—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted her uncle. "I saw Hartley at my office in the afternoon, and he told me that he was going to ask you to put him out of misery, and he also said that if I was favorable he anticipated no opposition from you, because—well, because of a lot of things. Like all the young men nowadays he was very confident."

"I think that was very presumptuous of him to consider my answer a foregone conclusion," said Ruth, smiling and

putting alternately. "But I don't think that his feeling of security was altogether groundless, for I did, and I do love him very much, and if you do approve of it, uncle dear, we will—"

"Of course I approve, my dear. Anything which promotes your happiness I would do everything possible to encompass. I think Hartley is a good, well-meaning fellow. I like him very much from what I have seen of him, though, of course, we have not been very intimate, as we scarcely belong to the same generation."

"Now, uncle, you are going to begin the old story over again, and say that you are getting to be an old man and all that sort of thing. Why, you are not so much older than Hartley. I declare, I believe you have a sort of perverted vanity in identifying yourself with a generation you don't belong to—why, anybody who did not know that you were my uncle would take us for contemporaries. Just look at yourself in the mirror for a moment, and you will, mentally at least, agree with me that you are the handsomest man in Boston. I have often told Hartley that I thought it was very foolish of you to belong to that club of old fogies you go to, just as if you were one of them."

"Well, I confess I don't feel like an old fogy, my dear; but I have sense enough to recognize that I am one, nevertheless."

"But what did you say to Hartley?" asked Ruth, quickly. "I hope you were really cordial with him, for he has an idea, poor fellow, that you do not like him, and I used to think myself that you were scarcely sympathetic, and, of course, you know that I don't want to lose my uncle because I have found a—"

"Oh! I am well enough pleased with Mr. Vedder, and I can assure you, my dear, that because you have found a husband you will not lose your uncle, unless it ever becomes your desire to cherish his memory rather than entertain him in the flesh."

"Now, Uncle Mark, I think that is a perfectly brutal speech." She rose and leaned upon the arm of his chair. "You

know I shall never love you less because—"

"Because you love Hartley more, eh?" replied her uncle, with a laugh. "Well, well, it is natural, and I should blame you if you did not. An old fellow can only hope to monopolize a girl's heart as long as she is in her teens. Of course, I made Hartley feel at home, and gave you both my blessing then and there in anticipation, and I have no doubt that he will make you happy. He seems very much in earnest, and a very manly young fellow. I hope with all my heart that you will both be very happy, and I know that if any woman can make a man's life worth living you can, dear. You have made my life very bright, and I don't know what this house will be like when my little girl has gone out of it. I sometimes have thought how good it would be if you could remain a little girl all your life; but, of course, I'm not so horribly selfish as to really wish it."

"Oh! but I am not going for a long, long time yet. I told Hartley he would have to wait until I was in a relenting mood, and you know how seldom that is. And, besides, we shan't leave Boston, and I don't see why you should live all alone when you could come and live with us."

"Well, we will discuss that later, my dear; but I do not think it well for a crusty old bachelor like me to intrude upon the happiness of a young couple to whom all the world has suddenly become Paradise. I should be out of harmony there, and, as you say, we shall still see each other very often."

#### CHAPTER II.

THERE is nothing so necessary to human comfort as the privilege of rising from the table abruptly, when the appetite is lost in satisfaction, or the real concomitant of good living, conversation, flags or becomes constrained—and breakfast is the one meal that admits of this sudden natural termination.

In Mark Crackanthorpe's temperament there was a strange mixture of the timidity of the man who has a profound respect for convention and the abruptness of the

man who loves to insist upon his independence of all such trivial laws. There was always a sort of desperation in his air of rising from a meal, excepting when he was at a *table d'hôte*, but in his own house it was invariably his resource for ending a strained or unpleasant situation. The mere physical act of rising seems to create a new mood, and it is rarely that the subject at the table is continued at the fireside or in the garden.

The conversation which passed between Mr. Crackanthorpe and his niece on the subject of Hartley Vedder, and the definitive understanding arrived at between him and Ruth was forced upon both sides for a reason both were acutely conscious of, but did not care to discuss. It was therefore with a little sigh of relief that Mark Crackanthorpe started to his feet, and, bending over his niece, who had sank back behind the urn, and was lost in the contemplation of the plate on the chiffonier, hastily brushed her forehead with his lips and stepped outside.

In the hall Gregory, the butler, told him that his carriage was at the door, but after looking at his watch with a moment's hesitation, he sent the man out to dismiss the carriage.

He felt the necessity of something to take him out of himself, and he somehow had a horror of the inactivity of being driven to his office. He would walk down.

Then he remembered a consultation with his managing clerk which he promised to have that morning, and he stepped into his library for a few moments to collect some necessary papers, which he had brought home to prepare on the previous evening. But in catching sight of a bunch of flowers in a vase on his table, he forgot his purpose, sank back into a chair, and looked in an unseeing way at their variegated hues. He knew at once that it was Ruth, who, knowing his love of flowers, had put them there. This was one of the thousand silent little acts of her life, which had so endeared her to him, and he felt a new vague resentment against the man who was to take her away out of his life forever.

Mark Crackanthorpe's history was said by his acquaintances—he had no intimates—to have been a very varied one. All that was positively known of him was that his father had held a position in the Custom House, and, although not a rich man, always moved in good society in Boston, and that Mark, as a mere stripling of nineteen, had gone abroad against the wish of his father, with another young fellow, his senior by a few years, Joseph Scuddamore, no one knew where. He was not communicative about his past. His companion, Joseph Scuddamore, belonged to a very wealthy family, but was a hard drinking, dissipated fellow, and nothing had since been heard of him.

Mark had returned about six years before this story opens with a pretty young girl of about thirteen, with deep brown eyes and dark chestnut brown hair, whom he called his niece. He looked up a few of his father's friends; some welcomed him home, some failed to recognize him, and others were scattered, lost sight of, or dead. After a little while he surprised those of his early friends who remembered him by becoming a partner in one of the oldest and richest mercantile houses in the city. It was then soon learned that Mark Crackanthorpe, who had gone away with hardly a penny to bless himself with, had returned as a rich man.

He rented a fine house in Brookline and soon gathered about him a great many friends. All sorts of theories were rife at first concerning Ruth, but curiosity does not live long in the social organization of a great city.

It certainly had cost Mark some thousands of dollars, shortly after he settled in his new home at Brookline, to defeat the eternal vigilance of the reporters, who suddenly had a mission to explain the mystery which overhung the man who had come back to his old home so rich and so modest about his good fortune.

The enigma of Mark Crackanthorpe was, of course, more or less forgotten at the end of a year, but the exclusive circles of Boston society decided that his credentials were hardly sufficient to admit him to the inner sanctuary; and al-

though, of course, he had lots of friends and innumerable invitations, which he almost invariably declined, he was not considered to be exactly in the social world at all. In the commercial world he soon became a person of considerable importance, as his enormous expenditures and investments got to be noised abroad. His gains from his partnership were not considerable to a man of his means, and he had simply gone into business because the prime necessity of his being was action. He could not, after his busy life, be wholly unoccupied, and the duties of society rather bored him than otherwise. In fact, he had no personal ambition for a social life, and it was only since Ruth had grown to womanhood that he had bothered to cultivate the social amenities, in the conventional sense, at all. What he liked was to gather together a lot of bright, clever young fellows from all professions, and without much regard to very fine social distinctions, and see them enjoy themselves and make themselves thoroughly at home in his house; for, despite his insistence upon his belonging to the past generation, he had very quick, active sympathies with the generation of tomorrow.

It was through this fondness for filling his home with young men, and interesting himself in their lives and ambitions that Hartley Vedder and Ruth had been thrown together. The young man had seen her grow from a pretty child into a charming young woman, and he had heard, as everybody else had heard, that she was an heiress in her own right, besides being probably the sole inheritor of her uncle's wealth. Vedder belonged to an old Boston family, but was very poor, and if he had a weakness it was for the study of genealogical trees. He was struggling as a lawyer with very little promise, he was very ambitious, and some people thought, including Mr. Crackanthorpe after he understood his character better, was not over-scrupulous, but his unflinching profession of all the virtues of good society, saved him from any imputation of being deficient in virtues of another quality.

The fact that Ruth was beginning to feel something warmer than friendship for Hartley came like a blow to Mark Crackanthorpe. Her love had been growing under his eyes for a long time, and a woman would have detected it before Ruth herself awoke to a knowledge of it, and would have warned her, but Mark, who had always enjoyed seeing the young girl playing the hostess in his big, splendid house, had not dreamed that Hartley was anything more to her than the other dozen young men who were often assembled there.

Hartley was too shrewd and too worldly to reveal his feelings, or show by any sign that he had any influence over Ruth, and she was too simple at heart to at once recognize her feeling for him as love. She knew that he had always been very pleasant and attentive to her since she was a child, and she realized with growing maturity that he had become something more to her than a mere friend of her childhood. She knew that she had outgrown, though not lost, a great many other friends of her childhood, and so gradually came the knowledge that the pleasure she felt in Hartley's society was love.

The revelation of Ruth's love for Hartley had come to Mark so suddenly that at first he felt like forbidding the young man his house, but he reasoned that such a move would not only be cruel, but most probably abortive. He knew Ruth's generous, trustful nature, with its great depth beneath the apparent un-failing gayety, and he was sure that she would love too well to doubt or give up the man she loved. And yet he feared it was Hartley's ambition, and not his heart, which prompted him to use the charm and influence of his personality over Ruth to make himself essential to her happiness. He himself had been attracted by the young man's capacity for intellectual foiling; but after a little while the conviction grew upon him that Hartley was a man who was all things to all men, as far as the furthering of his own interests were concerned, but who had little real feeling for any one but himself. He was a young man with

plenty of ability, and if that alone were sufficient to insure success in life, apparently he had a career before him; but, as Crackanthorpe often said of him, he was one of those whom everybody expects to succeed, but who never does succeed, because he was lacking in those human qualities which draw friends and enemies around him. Hartley Vedder was one of these. He had no enemies but those who were his professed friends, as every shrewd, wily young man who wishes to placate everybody without expending any real sympathy and friendship will have.

Everybody welcomed young Hartley, for he was a very pleasant companion and a good talker, but though no one could say anything ill of him, there were none who could remember any distinct good of him. He was one of those neutral men who believe all men made to use and who live in and for themselves alone. He used his social acquaintances as steps in his advancement. In society he would do anything for them, and out of it he would decline to render them assistance in such a gracious manner and with so many promises for future performance, when he was better able to meet the emergency, that he gave no excuse for quarreling with him. But he only made *acquaintances*.

Mark Crackanthorpe did not wish to do the young man any injustice, and as he could prove nothing against him, and as his objections to him might be based upon purely personal and ethical motives, he offered no objection to Ruth's choice of him for her future husband. But in his heart of hearts her choice was a sad disappointment to him. Perhaps any choice would have been; but Hartley he thought was altogether too much of a sophister to deserve the pure love of a girl like Ruth. He knew that anything that might be said against Hartley would not change Ruth's love for him, for where she gave her love she would also, he was very sure, place her implicit faith. He felt that it was in a sense inevitable, and he did not therefore wish to try to destroy her illusions. Even if he could, he felt that, too, would be a very bitter experi-



ence, and he loved her too well to be able to bear the thought of her suffering through him. It was this which had made him dread the avowal of her acceptance of Hartley that morning, although he had expected it from his interview with Hartley the previous afternoon.

As he sat there in the library, he recalled the old associations of Ruth's childhood, and the happy years they had lived in this big house, in which he already began to feel so lonely, now that her departure was a matter of perhaps a few months. These few years of prosperity had been the first truly happy years of his life, and he had never realized until this moment how the little girl to whom he had been a father had wound herself about his heart strings.

Sitting before the empty fireplace, his head in his hands, forgetful altogether of the papers for which he had come, he did not look like a man whose blessing upon his niece's approaching marriage came from the heart. Once or twice he rose with a white face and a set look upon his mouth, resolved to go and ask Ruth if she was sure of herself, and if she was sure that Hartley really loved her, and was not merely seeking her for her fortune. But then he put the thought from him as preposterous. Ruth was certainly sure of herself, and she would attribute his doubt of Hartley to a prejudice against him, at which she had already hinted. No; he would have to trust and hope that he was himself deceived in, or really prejudiced against Hartley, and that he would really make her happy; or that before it was too late, her woman's heart would divine the real man in him, and so cure its own love, and possibly ache, at once.

It was nearly noon before Mr. Crackanthorpe came to this desponding conclusion, and he was just about to leave the library and put on his hat for his walk down to the office when the door was thrown suddenly open and Ruth tripped in. At the table she hesitated in surprise, and swinging back and forth on her heel and toes, said "Why, uncle, Gregory told me you had gone down to the office hours ago." "I know, but I

"Well, I was on the point of going, my dear, but you see I suddenly recollected that I had some important papers here which I had forgotten and wanted to consult Mr. Gibson about, and then I forgot that I had forgotten the papers, and here I am." But, looking at the clock, "Gibson will be wondering where I am, for I promised to meet him and talk over these matters at eleven o'clock, and I see it is now past twelve."

"Well, then, I don't think you really need to go down to the office until after lunch. You must stay now and take lunch with Hartley and me."

The young man, who had been standing in the doorway, now came forward, and stretching out his hand to Mr. Crackanthorpe said, with a smile:

"I want you to congratulate me over again, Mr. Crackanthorpe. Yesterday I was hopeful, and to-day I am radiant. Ruth, too, has told me that you are satisfied with her choice—though I know I am scarcely worthy of her; and that, as you can understand, is a sincere satisfaction to me."

"Of course," replied Mr. Crackanthorpe, with very little enthusiasm in his tone, for he disliked the formal precision of the young man's words. "I do not want to play the grumpy old uncle, Mr. Vedder, and I hope that you will make her as happy as she deserves to be. Ruth is worthy of a good, true man, and I trust you will always be that for her sake as well as for your own."

"Oh! Hartley could not be anything else, uncle. And now don't let us get serious, but let us go and have lunch."

"And what brought you into the library, little one?" said Mr. Crackanthorpe, laying his hand on her shoulder.

"Oh! Ruth wanted to consult *Goodrich on Marriage and Divorce*," broke in Hartley, laughing.

"Well, I hope you may never have any need of the learned Mr. Gooderich's citations, precedents, and opinions upon the subject at all," replied Mr. Crackanthorpe. And then, bending over his niece, he whispered, "The only publicity we have any use for is the publication of



bans, eh, Ruth?" and laughing they went into lunch.

At the table, Mr. Crackanthorpe recovered his good spirits.

"And so, Ruth tells me," he said leaning across to Vedder, "that you are not going to rob me for some time to come."

"I have an inclination to do so at once, but Ruth will not hear of it."

"One does not steal apples in the early spring—or at least only winter apples."

"And I am not *that*, am I?" asked Ruth, laughing.

"No—but we must talk politics or the weather," said Hartley, quietly.

"Where would you like to go to spend the summer?" asked Mark, changing the subject. "I hate politics."

"Everybody who has any sense of decency and propriety does," remarked Hartley, sententiously.

"Then decent people should go into politics," said Ruth, warmly.

"They should, but they won't! What do you say to New York?"

"I don't care where I go—but I would not like to be too far away from Boston."

"The White Mountains?"

"Oh! it's too far away yet to bother about—but the White Mountains are get-at-able, and that is a great recommendation."

### CHAPTER III.

HARTLEY VEDDER had never in his life put himself into a compromising situation. One reason was he was too fearful of doing anything that might make his future more hazardous than it was; another was that he was not of an impetuous nature. He was too analytical, and too calculating to ever be dangerously under the dominion of his affections; but, nevertheless, like other men of his character, he had a fondness for dalliance with danger. He had an intellectual curiosity about women which was almost as treacherous as another man's susceptibility to their outward charms, and though Hartley would not confess it to himself, this passion had once be-

trayed him into something deeper, in which he was almost bereft of his calm reasoning. It was while he was merely like the other guests at Crackanthorpe's house, and scarcely dared to dream of ever winning Ruth Brandon that he committed this indiscretion. He had been attracted by another woman to such an extent that he had to employ all his sophistry to analyze his feelings with philosophic certitude. He was in more danger because he insisted throughout upon exculpating himself to his own peculiar conscience; but his innate horror of a finality prevented him from binding himself in any way.

The woman who exerted this new influence over him was Mary Valentine, and she was one of the clerks in the office of the Postmaster, therefore as poor as could be. It was there that Hartley had first met her, having occasion to see the Postmaster upon some business matter. That high official being invisible for a long time, the young man drifted into a conversation with the clerk, whom he found not only to be pretty and refined in appearance, but endowed with considerable natural ability, and an inexhaustible supply of good spirits.

A few days later as he was ascending the slight incline on Milk Street, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, he overtook her, and an immediate recognition took place. He raised his hat—and both half hesitated as if to pass on, with the indecision of those perfectly willing to halt. Something in her eyes decided him that he would hazard the breach of etiquette, and he wheeled and stood in front of her.

The women who fight their own way in the battle of life learn to concern themselves with a great deal less etiquette than burdens the lives of their more fortunate or unfortunate sisters in society. It is these little omissions of the strict observances of the conventionalities that make their hard, monotonous lives more endurable, very pleasant, indeed, sometimes. Mary Valentine did not think it at all strange that this gentlemanly young fellow, whom she had met in business, should wish to stop and exchange the

little courtesies of every-day business life upon so slight an acquaintance.

Hartley himself was merely actuated by a passing impulse to recognize and give a cheery word to the bright-faced little worker, who had seemed so gay and so contented, and so filled with kindly consideration for others at her work. At the Postmaster's office, the day before she had given herself considerable trouble in hunting up some information which he required; and he felt grateful, for not every clerk in a public office will take much trouble for a stranger, unless positively ordered to do a thing by the chief of the department. And the particular case upon which Hartley was then working made it most important that he should have this information without delay. Hartley, as a rule, was not given to harboring gratitude at compound interest; but the most self-absorbed of men will feel kindly toward another person who indirectly advances their interests and may be useful again—especially when that other person be a pretty girl.

"Well, you did not see the Postmaster yesterday?" she said, smiling.

"No; but I saw *you*," replied Hartley, gallantly. "And I dare say I got more out of seeing you than I should if I had seen the Postmaster himself. He would very likely have promised to attend to the matter in a week or two, and when that time had elapsed, there would still be another week or two to wait."

"Oh! but you lawyers need not talk of delays. The law's delays are proverbial. What would the lawyers do if there were no delays?"

"Ah," with a shrug of his shoulders in mock gravity. "A young lawyer has to live through such a long delay before he gets a client, that his subsequent career of iniquity is merely a sort of revenge on the installment plan."

"And how did your case come off?" she asked.

"It is not concluded yet, but it is in pretty good shape. You helped me out immensely, and I cannot tell you how grateful I am for your kindness."

"I am pleased to hear that," she said, "and I hope you will win your case."

During this conversation they had turned and were walking slowly up the hill, and by this time they had crossed Washington Street, and were going up School Street toward the Common. Suddenly he wondered whether he was taking her out of her way and asked her the question.

"Oh! no," she said, "I am going home, you know, and I cross the Common on my way home."

They parted at the iron palings on Beacon Street.

He called at the post-office several times after this, and did finally see the Postmaster; but in the meanwhile he had become very friendly with Miss Valentine, and had once or twice walked up the hill with her on her way home, and once, in a warm discussion of one of her favorite authors, whom Hartley did not admire, he accompanied her across the Common, and they arrived at her own door before they were aware of it. She lived in one of the quiet streets behind Beacon Street.

After this, when Hartley left his office for the day he got into the habit of waiting for Miss Valentine outside the post-office, and without any analysis of motives, or any formality whatever, they both drifted naturally into looking forward to the walk across the Common together.

Hartley, who was accustomed to think of money and happiness as synonymous terms, was interested in this little woman who believed neither essential—only honesty of purpose and love. He found her quick sympathies and naturalness, and occasionally half sarcastic independence, very attractive; and indeed, there was in her for him a stimulus which was altogether lacking in most of the women he met in his social life. He had no idea of their unconventional acquaintance ever ripening into anything. Indeed, he had not given the subject any thought at all. And Mary Valentine only regarded him as a clever young fellow who could talk sensibly and with whom it was very pleasant to pass the time on her way home. Though she was very poor she never thought of any social difference be-

tween them, while all the time he was acutely conscious of his own superiority in worldly station, and flattered himself with a sense of his own condescension.

After some time, Miss Valentine having learned a good deal about him, and having nothing to conceal herself, asked him to spend an evening at her home and meet her mother and sisters. He was at first rather surprised and a little amused, but he accepted graciously enough, and after his fears had been dissipated upon his first call, he became glad of his privilege. The family was poor, but father and mother and daughters were all educated and essentially gentlefolk.

And so things went on, until it became a matter of course for Hartley to call, and make little presents to Mary and her sisters, and occasionally take one or two of them to the theatre.

As is natural in every large family of girls, Mary began to be teased a little, in a good-natured fashion, by the others about Hartley; and when Mary insisted that she shared him with Maggie and Lizzie and the rest, they refused to believe in any such magnanimity. It became one of those little jokes in circulation in every family to hint at a sudden revelation of a romance, and, truth to tell, the teasing did not really make Mary as angry as she would pretend to be.

Hartley and Mary had often discussed love in the abstract, as young persons grown serious in their intimacy often will, but he did not desire, or told himself that he did not desire, anything more than the good comradeship which already existed between them. But with Mary it was different. As the months went by she changed. She realized that when two people drift into the mood for discussing emotions in the abstract it only requires a touch of hands, a sigh, a glance to end all discussion in the avowal of a quick, silent embrace. She began to be afraid of herself and to dread her sisters' teasing, and with the new feelings and new hopes growing in her heart came a strange shyness in Hartley's presence and a great restlessness and

longing for him when he was away. Hartley was quick in such matters, as some cold, well-balanced men are, and, though it flattered his vanity, this growing love of Mary's frightened him, too. It was true he had never committed himself by a word or a look, and he found a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that he had kindled the love of such a woman and could study its manifestations under a continual repression; but something in his pulse, when he was with her, drove away this philosophic spirit of analysis. Out of her society he had often made a number of resolutions never to see her again—it would be best for both of them, he said, since he could not think of throwing away his future by marrying a poor girl, but, reassured by his own calmness in viewing such a prospect, he laughed at the idea of danger, and acknowledging her fascination for him went to see her as usual. With her he was a different man altogether from the Hartley Vedder others knew, and had he only known it "the poor little clerk in the post-office"—he always thought of her with a sort of tender condescension—could have made a better man of him. Mary's heart saw the unspoken love in his eyes and bearing, and knowing nothing of the calculating, perverted conscience of the man not under the immediate spell of her presence, which would make him put aside his own happiness for his ambitions, she dreamed of a day when a sudden touch of hands, a word, or a long silence should reveal the love smouldering in their hearts.

The fact was, as Mary divined, that Hartley loved her. He had never confessed it to himself; he explained her attraction for him in a hundred different ways, but in fact he loved her as he had never loved any other living thing;—he loved her with all the strength and all the nobleness the limitations of his nature allowed, and he made her love for him a study, a stimulant, a forbidden and dangerous relaxation, because she could bring him nothing but her love.

Matters had drifted on in this way, while Hartley had grown more and more

attentive to Ruth Brandon, of whose existence Mary never knew, until the hour when he decided that he had a sufficiently powerful influence over her, and knowing her uncle's solicitude for her happiness, dared reveal his intentions to him.

And now that all his plans were crowned with success, and his future seemed assured, Mr. Hartley Vedder felt for perhaps the first time in his life profoundly miserable.

On the evening following his engagement he returned to town by train, and, feeling too restless and too low spirited to go straight to his rooms, he sought amusement in strolling along Tremont Street and watching the crowds beginning to pour out from the promenade concert. Suddenly he started and turned pale. Among the huddled faces he caught a glimpse of Mary's. She was with her sister Maggie and two young fellows whom he had never seen before. A pang of jealous hatred for the young man who was wrapping Mary's shawl about her shoulders shot through him, and deep in his heart, with the unreasoning jealousy of the faithful and the faithless, alike, for a moment he cursed her. Just then she felt his eyes fixed upon her and turned with a smile, which melted into an appeal in her own. He wheeled away without a glance of recognition, and strode rapidly into the patchy darkness of the Common, determined to go at once to his rooms in Mount Vernon Square. But long after midnight he was still wandering about the streets.

"Oh! what a fool I am," he repeated to himself over and over again. "I love her, and she has perhaps only been amusing herself with me after all. I wonder who that fellow was. I would never have doubted Mary for a moment—I don't—I know she loves me, and yet I am not so sure now as I was. Ah!—I can never love another woman as I love her, and I never thought I loved her so well as I know I do now. It is always the way. Everybody will be saying in a day or two I am the luckiest fellow alive, and I am really the most wretched. What a blight this cursed poverty is, to

escape which one has to break one's heart."

It was characteristic of the man that he reviled fate, his poverty, everything but his own cowardice.

#### CHAPTER IV.

FOR many weeks Hartley was a constant visitor at the Crackanthorpe mansion in Brookline, and Mary Valentine saw nothing of him during the whole of that time. He sent no word of explanation. He simply stayed away, and left her to surmise anything she chose for the reason of his sudden neglect.

Since the night of that meeting in the crowd on the pavement she had tortured herself with a vague wonderment at his stare of unrecognition, and when the long days passed one after another without his coming to the old meeting-place outside the post-office building, she had moments when her heart and brain reeled with a sense of loss. What had she said or done to offend him? It could not be that he had become jealous because she had gone with another man to a concert without telling him? Hartley of all men would not condemn on such slight evidence, and condemn her without asking her for an explanation. She did not believe for a moment he could think anything strange from seeing her with another man, especially as she was with her sister at the time, but she wondered most of all at his keeping away from her. She knew that, supposing he was jealous, she could easily satisfy him by telling him the truth, which was that the young man he had seen with her was a cousin, who had come from the country with a friend of his to spend a few days in Boston, and had asked the two girls to go to the concert with them, with cousinly informality. Knowing her perfect innocence in the matter, Mary at first felt a little justifiable woman's vanity at the thought that Hartley might be foolish enough to get jealous upon such slight evidence, as no girl feels very miserable from the knowledge that the man she loves is jealous on her account. All women instinctively know that there can be no jeal-



ousy without love. She smiled a little guiltily as she recalled the look she gave him that evening, and then as she fully expected to see him the next evening, she promised herself that she would refuse him absolution for his incivility in passing her without a nod, and then she would relent just as they reached her door.

When the days became weeks and Hartley gave no sign, it seemed to her that her world had all toppled about her ears. She went about her work as usual, a little quieter, and with something of a determination to try and forget herself entirely in the drudgery of her every-day life, which hitherto she had always seemed to escape with her high spirits. As the summer approached she looked a little worn and fatigued, so weary looking indeed, that once or twice her chief, a kindly gray-haired old man, remarked it, and suggested that she should take a vacation. But she dreaded inactivity and would remain at her post. Besides, beneath all her quietness, there was a feeling of humiliation and anger, and underlying that again hope and trust. Then she would occasionally burst into a bitter resentment against her circumstances and against Hartley, but, woman-like, she knew that if he would only come back, she would forgive him; and she often lingered for a few moments at their old meeting-place on her way home, in the hope that he would come and plead forgiveness. Then sometimes she was overwhelmed with a fear that he might be sick, or even dead, for she could not believe that Hartley, who seemed to her all that was upright and honorable, could have deliberately intended to wound her.

But this fear was dispelled as she was going home one evening by her coming face to face with Hartley, who jumped off a car talking earnestly to a tall, elderly man, just as she climbed in, followed immediately by a little crowd of homeward bound passengers. There was just time for a swift recognition, and Hartley, who was accompanied by Mr. Crackanthorpe, fearing to awaken the latter's curiosity, just nodded and was soon lost in

the crowd. After this she gave up making mental excuses for his conduct, convinced that it was only explicable in one way—she no longer amused him, and the thought that she had permitted herself to love a man who looked upon her as a means of passing the time, to be dropped ignominiously when he found other occupations, made her harden her heart against him. She determined she would forget him—but forgetting with Mary Valentine was not such an easy thing in practice as in theory.

Over the Valentine table there always rang continual merriment. The girls being employed during the day, came home very hungry and generally in high spirits, and brimful of incidents and adventures, to be immediately exchanged and magnified with the facility that healthy, fun-loving girls have for lending a fictitious importance to trivial matters. Mary was resolved that she would hide the pain she felt from her sisters, and that evening when she entered the house, she was the gayest of them all, and there seemed to be no limit to the adventures she had experienced that day.

"Why, Mary, somebody must have seen you home to-night," said Maggie, with a sly, good-natured laugh.

"Well, somebody did see me home," she replied. "I was under the protection of the car conductor. He saw a good many girls home to-night. I don't think I ever saw the car so crowded."

Her mother, who was bustling around the table waiting on the girls, as was her custom, leaned over Mary's chair and whispered something in her ear.

"No, mother, I take the short cut home now, so I have not met him for some time."

Mrs. Valentine penetrated the little air of bravado, and bustled into the kitchen for another hot plate without saying a word. She knew that any expressed sympathy of hers before the other girls, could only add the last drop of bitterness to her favorite daughter's cup, and she therefore extended the truest and most delicate commiseration, by remaining silent, without even by a glance, revealing any anxiety or surprise.



"It is going to rain to-night, girls," said Lizzie, with a glance outside, "and we cannot go out. I hope that somebody will call in so that we shan't bore each other to death."

"Why doesn't Hartley Vedder come around now, Mary?" said Maggie, looking straight at her across the table. "He has a good voice, and we might have some music."

"Well, I don't see why we girls should be obliged to bore ourselves to death. We don't see too much of each other during the day. I am sure we can amuse ourselves for an evening without any men," said Mary.

"I am sure I cannot," said Lizzie, pathetically, from her end of the table. "I don't know anything more dreary than a hen party on a wet evening in summer. I think it is awfully poky to have to stay in the city all through the summer when one has such a capacity as I have for enjoying all the good things in the big hotels at the seaside resorts, where there is dancing every evening, and lots of handsome young fellows pining away for unknown me!"

"And lots of quiet corners for flirting, eh, Lizzie?" interrupted Maggie, who was the eldest girl and considerably Lizzie's senior. "For my part, I agree with Mary, that if we girls only exerted ourselves half as much to please each other as we do to please those ungrateful men, we should be much happier."

"Oh! I am sure I hate the men," exclaimed Lizzie, with mock gravity. "But I would rather stay at home than live in a big hotel for five or six weeks with nothing but women in it. I look upon the men as merely things to be included in the appointments of the establishment for the amusement of the feminine guests. I don't see how this can be woman's century, unless we break a few masculine hearts."

"But they don't break," said Mrs. Valentine, who had been standing in the doorway. "Your poor, dear father is the only man with a heart that I ever knew."

"There, father!" chorused the girls, crowding around a shabby, old, gray-

headed man, who was bending over his evening newspaper, and paying no attention to their chatter.

"What's your mother been saying now?" said the old man, looking up and laughingly shaking his head at Mrs. Valentine.

"Well, I declare! if the men are not too dreadful for anything," cried Maggie. "That's enough to break a woman's heart. Mother's been standing there paying the most insidious compliments, and you haven't even listened to her."

"Oh! I beg pardon, I'm sure," said Mr. Valentine, half-rising and bowing in mock contrition.

"Well, mother deserves it," said Lizzie, "for she was fibbing about you."

"Indeed! What did she say?"

"She said you had a heart."

"Oh!—and is that—"

"No, that's not it, father. Mother said you were the only man who had a heart, and Lizzie objects to *that*. She believes there is one other man in the world blessed with that unpurchasable commodity—don't you, Lizzie?"

"I don't."

"There are lots of young men with hearts, and good ones, too, girls," said the old man, sinking back into his chair with a sigh. "The scarcity of incomes—the competition for a livelihood, is what makes hearts seem scarcer, nowadays. And the boys and girls are not willing to begin life together as they used to when your mother and I were young; with a small home, lots of hope, and an income that needed a microscope. It's dollars the young men lack—and courage."

He resumed his reading, interrupting the conversation now and then to read aloud a scrap of news or a few lines of verse. Suddenly he said, laughingly: "Listen, girls. Here's a lucky young fellow. Stop talking, mother, and listen to what the gods send those who seek and wait!"

"Although the whole affair has been kept very secret, it has just leaked out and is all the talk in society now, that Miss Ruth Brandon, niece and heiress of Mr. Mark Crackanthorpe, the

wealthy merchant and financier, is engaged to Mr. Hartley Vedder, one of the most promising young men at the bar of this city. The marriage will probably take place late in the fall."

"That probably means a cool million dollars for young Vedder," said Mr. Valentine, sententiously.

"Hartley Vedder! did you say, father?" exclaimed Mrs. Valentine, coming forward, and taking the paper out of his hands.

"Why, that is not Mary's Vedder?" said the old man, and then, with a quick comprehension, as he saw Mary's face, he rose and turned mutely to his wife.

"It is," said Mrs. Valentine, letting the paper fall, "and that is why he has dropped coming around here lately."

Mary stood leaning against the table, with a gray, ashen face that belied the smile on her lips, and now she said lightly, though her parched tongue seemed almost to choke her: "Mr. Vedder has always been lucky, father. And all the young men marry for money nowadays."

Then the girls without a word went upstairs, and Mrs. Valentine led Mary into the kitchen.

"He is not worth a thought, my darling," said the mother, drawing her girl to her breast. "You must forget him."

"O mother!" moaned the girl, sinking on her knees, and burying her face in her mother's lap. "I think my heart will break."

#### CHAPTER V.

ONE hot afternoon in August, Hartley Vedder was sitting at his desk in his office looking at two photographs. One was a little shabby *carte de visite*, the other was a new cabinet with a great deal of gilt about it, and the name of a leading photographer in the corner. He was also puffing at a cigar reflectively. Suddenly he started up and stood before the window with his hands in his trousers pockets, and looked out upon the vista of roofs and towers, enveloped in the murky clouds of mist and smoke, that hang perpetually, like a huge night-cap, over the city of Boston during the dog-

days. He looked at his watch, and then turned to the window again. "It is just about the time I used to meet Mary; only a few months ago," he said to himself. "I never thought I could miss those walks home with her so much. I wonder if she ever lingered at the old meeting-place and wondered why I did not come. Does she ever think of me now as she passes the old corner? But it is the way in all lives; one path crosses another and then turns off at a tangent, and never crosses it again. I wonder if she saw the announcement of my engagement to Ruth? Confound those society reporters—they are worse than the men. If I thought she had not, I would—oh! no, that would be foolish. What good could come of it?—and yet, why should not I make the most of my freedom. It would be something to remember anyhow that she forgave me, and I think she would forgive me. I think I will go down there and meet her as she passes up Milk Street."

He had put on his hat and was going to the door, when the post-man passed through the outer office and stood on the threshold. "Another letter from a lady," he said, jocosely. "My, my! what a hard life mine is, delivering love letters to half the young men in Boston and never gettin' one myself."

Hartley held out his hand and took the letter. It was from Ruth, who was spending the summer in the White Mountains. He tore open the envelope and glanced hurriedly at the contents, and then, thrusting it into his pocket, walked through the outer office, and locking the door after him, ran along the corridor. The elevator had just descended, and so with a sudden new unreasoning impatience, which he felt possessed him, and did not care to try to analyze, he ran hastily down the stone stairs and out into the street. All the way he kept telling himself that it was not to see Mary that he was going to the post-office, but to buy some stamps, or send a telegram, he was not quite sure which, but he felt the necessity of explaining to himself that he had business there.

He was a little out of breath when he

reached the post-office, and entering, he at once made for the main staircase. He looked at the clock over the half-landing and saw that it pointed at just a few minutes after the hour. He was late—for government clerks are pretty punctual in leaving their desks—but still he hoped that Mary might have been delayed, and he leaned in the angle of the wall, trying to think what he should say to her when he saw her.

In a few minutes Mary turned the bend in the stairway, talking and laughing with another girl. Hartley started forward, and then sprang back into his corner again. She looked at him and turned a little paler, and then passed on.

Hartley watched the two girls separate at the door, and then walked quickly after Mary. Stepping in front of her he stopped, and said, in a low voice, "Have you forgotten me, Miss Valentine?"

She averted her face and passed on.

He hesitated a moment, and then stepped beside her again. "But you must remember me, Miss Valentine, although perhaps I have sinned beyond pardon, if not remembrance."

"I do remember you, but I do not know that you have ever said or done anything to me which needed forgiveness," she answered, coldly, looking him in the face, until he flushed painfully.

"No," with an attempt at a laugh to cover his embarrassment. "I did not mean that, you know, but I thought you might have wondered what had become of me during the past few months."

"I did not," she replied, simply.

"I know I am presumptuous, Miss Valentine—I was a fool to hope that you might have missed me. I have been ill—I have been away. If you knew what I have suffered in not seeing you, you would not wonder at my even daring to incur your anger now. Whatever you may have heard of me—" he lowered his voice until it was lost in the rattling of the procession of wagons and the ever-jingling car bells, "I want you to know—I must tell you, though I have tried to keep from doing it—that I love you."

"I did not expect this even from you, Mr. Vedder. It seems that you are not

aware of the happiness attributed to you by the newspapers."

He winced. "But, Miss Valentine," he said hesitatingly, "there are circumstances which make it impossible for me to do otherwise than I am doing—but still I am not so black as you think me."

Mary turned upon him, and said in a strident voice, which he had never heard before, "I do not care, Mr. Vedder, how black or how mixed your character may be. You can arrange that elusive possession to suit yourself. You have no right to speak to me as you have done, but I suppose you think because I am not in the society of which you are such an ornament, that you have a prerogative—"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Hartley. "You know that at least I am not such a cur as that."

"No?" she said, with a touch of interrogative sarcasm. "Then, as you are such a good lawyer, I leave you to quibble the point with yourself," and without another word she turned away from him and crossed the street hastily.

He stood for a moment with a sense of impotence which was very new to him, and then turned aimlessly into the stream of people, to regain his nonchalant self-esteem in the irritating elbowing of the hurrying crowds, to whom strolling was unknown. He had been just out of the vortex in Milk Street, and it was with a true instinct that he sought the crowds, although he did not reason it out with himself, for nothing restores one's self-respect quicker than losing one's temper with a lot of unknown people, despised because unknown, and therefore beyond the reach of retaliation; and under no circumstances can one lose one's temper with more facility than in a homeward-bound crowd. As one man after another jostled past Hartley, he felt more and more the heartlessness and indifference of the world, and the cruelty of his martyrdom in it.

Hartley, like most men of his selfish nature, felt a supreme commiseration for himself whenever he met a reverse in the pursuit of his own ends, but as hardly anything awakened him to a sense of his own

egotism and his own meanness, he soon recovered from any shock to his pride. Reasoning the whole case out with himself as he walked, in a little while he was convinced that any reasonable person could be included among these enlightened people—and with a little persuasion no doubt Mary would perceive the logic of circumstances which swept away the possibility of a choice for a man in his situation. He was a man who could be as noble and could sacrifice himself as willingly for others as well as any one, but there was his family to be considered, his social position was at stake, and a man could not, for his own convenience, suddenly throw up the obligations cheerfully borne by his family for generations in the past. He owed it to himself, and to the Vedders back to revolutionary times, not to compromise his future—and so in less than half an hour, Mr. Hartley Vedder was restored to a perfectly peaceful frame of mind, in which he regarded himself as a man whose motives and ambitions were too high to be understood by people of ordinary texture. When Mr. Hartley Vedder entered his club on Beacon Street, a quarter of an hour later, he was in a more genial mood than the venerable negro porter had ever seen him before. He felt that he had strained a point to meet a conscientious scruple, he had been absolved by his own conscience, and he would yet win Mary back to him. She would at last yield to her love and to her reason.

In the hall he met John Macara and Joseph Bonfellow, two artist friends, who had just returned from Paris. They invited him to join them at dinner, and he accepted.

As they were chatting over their soup, Bonfellow said, "Did you hear that I won the bronze medal at the Salon last year?"

"No, did you?" said Hartley, with more animation than he usually showed about other people's successes.

"Yes, I did. I got it by just one vote. There never was such luck. And Macara got an honorable mention. But I swear he should have got the medal: his picture was much better than mine—was it not, Mac?"

"It was," said Macara, between two mouthfuls of soup, laconically, and I had

"I congratulate you both."

"Don't!" said Macara. "Spread the news for us in society. That will bring orders."

"I will. I, too, have won a prize since you have been away," said Hartley. "I am going to get married."

"No!" exclaimed both artists at once.

"Why I thought you were too sensible," said Macara.

"Is the lady the one you used to rave about last winter—you know, the bright independent little lady, whom you met under such romantic circumstances?"

"I never raved about any woman alive."

"Excuse me—but you cannot then have been in love," said Macara, sarcastically.

"I always rave myself," returned Bonfellow. "And so I used the wrong word. But is it the same lady?"

"No," said Hartley, with great precision. "That is a different matter. I am too sensible, as Macara has said, to marry—a woman out of my own station. I am going to marry Miss Ruth Brandon, the niece of Mr. Mark Crackanthorpe, of whom perhaps you have heard."

Both men looked at him a moment or two in surprise, and then burst into congratulations.

"Oh! of course I have heard of Mr. Crackanthorpe," said Bonfellow. "I have got a commission to paint his picture. I think he is one of the jolliest old fellows I have ever met."

"And generous, too, for a millionaire," interrupted Macara. "Most millionaires try to bait you down to a dollar. I must say that Mr. Crackanthorpe is altogether too good-natured and too generous to be an ideal Dives. No offense, of course, Hartley, since he won't be your father-in-law, you know, only a kind of uncle-in-law."

"Well, I think Hartley is a fellow to be envied," said Bonfellow. "I would give anything to have Miss Brandon sit for me—for, even if it makes Hartley jealous, I must tell you that she is one of the



most beautiful women I have ever seen, and I know a beautiful woman when I see one. You remember that woman I pointed out to you in the Bois de Boulogne—well, Miss Brandon is just after her style—dark brown chestnut hair in abundance, coiled up at the back, and dark speaking eyes. There! Are you jealous, Hartley?"

"Not a bit. I am only pleased to see that your artistic sense indorses mine."

"Now, for my part," said Macara, balancing his wine-glass between his eye and the light, "I like to see a man furiously jealous."

"That comes of living too long in Paris," said Hartley, smiling. "I do not believe there is any such thing as jealousy except among very weak-minded people."

"Ah," replied Macara, nodding his head in acquiescent irony. "But all lovers are fit candidates for a lunatic asylum, and surely if I know anything of love, and I have had experience enough to know something about it, jealousy is one of the first and surest symptoms."

"Yes," said Bonfellow. "You are right, Macara. It is the ague which precedes the fever."

"And sometimes it is the ague that follows the fever," said Macara.

"Oh! bosh!" said Hartley, rising. "Love can never be mixed with metaphysics. It is a blind instinct."

"Indeed," said Macara. "There is a love of the imagination, and a love of the heart, sometimes a judicious mixture of

both, which after evaporation becomes a vague, indefinable feeling, half resentment, and half disappointment. But we have drifted. Gentlemen, let us fill our glasses to the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Vedder."

As Bonfellow and Macara strolled home together that evening, the former said: "A continual surprise, that fellow, eh?"

"Yes, he will succeed in life, become a respectable citizen, a patron of proper charities, and never discover what an infernal scamp he is," replied Macara. "I suppose this is our last dinner with Mr. Vedder as our guest. Money does not improve a man like him."

"Well, but after all he may in winning cheat himself," said Bonfellow. "But she's a very beautiful girl, this Miss Brandon."

"I am going to try and paint her picture before I get through with the old man. Perhaps Vedder is in love with her."

"Perhaps so, but he is so much in love with himself that I am incredulous. He always did boast that he knew too much of the world to throw himself away upon some woman without money. I tell you, he is one of those rare fellows who actually live their philosophy. We philosophize, and then let humanity take precedence over philosophy. I believe Hartley would boil his grandmother and eat her, if by so doing he could secure his social position. Well, good-night."

"Good-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### ALPENSTOCKS.

"HAVE thy tools ready, God will find thee work."

"We can evade responsibility but not accountability."

"No man can pass into eternity, for he is already in it."

"Fractures well cured make us more strong."

"The best security for to-morrow's wonders is to-day's sanctifying."

"Adapt thyself to the things with which thy lot is cast."

"God reaches us good things by our own hand."

"As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute."



## FROM ASSOCIATION.

BY KATE M. KNOX.

"WELL," said Cope, with considerable asperity, "there is one thing certain, if Atmore has added his advice to the dangers of the situation, you may as well give up for lost."

Norton Cope had so supreme a contempt for his Cousin Atmore as usually prevented him from getting angry at anything he said or did, but now as he saw that same young gentleman make his way down the street, he looked upon his retreating figure, his high collar, very long neck, and weak, indefinite gait with an unfriendly eye. Atmore's was such a negative character as to give the appearance of being held in solution by the efforts of his tailor; for, whatever were his other deficiencies, he came out strong on clothes.

Miss Garston, who was the only other person on the porch with Cope, now that Atmore had gone, smiled at this remark.

"But, Mr. Cope, do you really think there is any danger of the horse throwing me? Your cousin says that though Satire is spirited, she never loses her head."

"Did you ever know anything belonging to Atmore have any to lose?" he remarked, dryly. Then he added, after a short pause, during which he gave one or two puffs at a cigar he held in his mouth, "I most certainly will think it a miracle if you escape with your life. Atmore knows absolutely nothing about what sort of a horse is suitable for a lady. You had better continue with the sorrel; he is a little too fat and lazy, but he is thoroughly safe footed."

"Still it was kind of him to make the offer," said Miss Garston, going back to the first part of the conversation.

Her companion watched with half closed eyes the blue smoke curl upwards from his cigar, and then remarked simply, "Oh!—very."

"I fear you have not a very high opinion of him," she said.

"No, he's tricky and is apt to bolt at the first opportunity. In fact, he isn't a beast that you or any other woman would want to own."

Eleanor Garston looked puzzled. "Whom are you referring to—Mr. Atmore? I was speaking of him."

"Oh!—ah!" responded Cope, laughing, "I thought you meant the horse. However, you can apply that remark as well to him. 'Yet,' he pursued, as he carefully flicked the ashes from his cigar, 'one could after all arrive at a very fair estimate of what the perfect man should be, taking Atmore as an example—or, to be more exact, as a warning. Sum him up mentally, morally, and physically, and then by a process of exclusion you get your result: whatever he is—one should not be; whatever he does—avoid; whatever he thinks—if you can ascribe anything so comprehensive to him—isn't so. To conclude, he is a born idiot; not that I blame him so much for that, for that is his misfortune, which he has, however, exaggerated into a fault by presuming upon the part he was appointed to play in the world; and now in suggesting that you ride Satire he has simply broken his record."

Cope was a fine-looking man of about thirty-eight, with a rough exterior and a hard twinkle in his eyes that attracted some women, and made those who were not attracted have confidence in him; mothers did not hesitate to trust their daughters to his care; he was so sensible, and then his financial and social position were so assured. In spite, however, of his good-heartedness which showed itself through a brusque mannerism—a cloak which a natural shyness long since outgrown had adopted—it is quite possible that his reputation was better than the man himself. Men stood rather in awe of him, but, curiously enough, women never seemed to fear him, though one could not say whether it was or was not from their having in common with drunk-

ards that eminent unfitness for discriminating between what is and what is not dangerous. There was once an account in a local paper of an intoxicated person who sat down suddenly on a red-hot stove: to be sure he got up as suddenly, the stove not warranting the trust put in it. Not that this has anything to do with the story in hand; only as going to show the unworthiness of trusts in general, and superheated stoves in particular. However, though Cope might not have met the requirements of his mother-in-law, if he had ever been blessed with one, he was a thoroughly good fellow anyway.

He had for years belonged to that large and ever-increasing class of men who do not care to marry; he could have married any number of women he did not want, and there had been one or two whom he would have married but could not. Having been in love in the past, he did not deny the possibility of his being in love in the future, but that did not necessarily imply that his habits of life need be interfered with. In his affairs with women, if there had been a flood-tide that threatened to carry him out to the matrimonial sea, there had always been an ebb-tide that had brought him back before he had reached it. He had therefore remained unmarried through accident rather than constitutional inclination or principle, though he nursed a fancy that principle entered largely into it, and he likewise expected to continue in single blessedness to the end of his time.

He admired Eleanor Garston because of her frank simplicity and general good sense, and maybe because he never experienced the feeling in her presence that he was about to be bagged. Theirs had been a dispassionate sort of friendship, covering a period of several years which he kept up during the winter by occasional visits, theatre parties, or singles, if one may be permitted to so express it, or—what he weakly hated, but allowed himself to be inveigled into—shopping excursions, which his married friends could have told him was a sure sign of softening of the brain, or that he was falling in love; but he failed to recog-

nize the symptoms until it was too late. In the summer he had always gone away with his people to the mountains or the shore, while Eleanor, who lived with her uncle, a man who never went away himself in the summer time, and planned his household after himself, remained at home; thus they would see nothing of each other until fall. This season he had lingered in town after all his kind had flown, and having found the club too hot, he had come out into the suburbs too sit on the Garston's porch, where one could always find a breeze, no matter how hot the day. And he found it very pleasant to spend his evenings in languid discussions, or else puffing lazily at a choice Havana, for which purpose he had been formally tendered the freedom of the porch by Eleanor.

Eleanor suggested that they go in-doors, the clouds looked lowering and it was evidently going to rain. She rose, and Cope, who had finished smoking, after lingering long enough to toss the remnant of cigar over the railing, prepared to follow her.

As they entered the large square hall, Eleanor had tripped on a rug that lay before the entrance, and Cope, hastening his steps, had reached out a protecting arm and touched her sleeve. What prompted him he could not have told, but yielding to a swift impulse he grasped her hand, and pressing his lips to it, imprinted a warm kiss upon the white flesh. Taken by surprise as she was, she managed to struggle away from him, and now stood with her hands behind her back, laughing up into his face. He had never seen her in a mood so charming, so graceful; such tender audacity gleamed in her eyes; he tried to clasp her to him, but with lips slightly apart, and panting for breath she sought to elude him, and would have gained the stairs, had she not turned to look back. In another moment she was in his arms.

She had torn herself away and was standing at the top of the stairs, looking mischievously down. She placed her finger on her lip to induce silence, so her uncle should not be disturbed after his hour for retiring, which was usually

nine o'clock, and said "Good-night," as she disappeared with a swish of her garments around the landing.

He laughed aloud at this summary dismissal, and then, having no redress, and knowing that Eleanor had gone for the night, took his hat and left the house, whistling softly to himself something which he thought was a popular air, but which he whistled so badly as to render impossible.

A full week had passed without Cope's having made his appearance at the Gars-ton's. Eleanor, who expected him the next day, was amazed when he did not come, and said to herself he was ill; but when day after day went by and still no sign from him, she did not know what to think. He could not be ill for he would have written: the conviction forced itself upon her that he was staying away purposely.

She had often heard him say—though not recently—that a bachelor's life was the happier one, and that he did not want to marry; it occurred to her that having gone farther than he intended, and knowing that he could not return except as a lover, he was gloomily making up his mind to make the best of it. She did not doubt, even if that were the case, his ultimate decision; he was too honorable a man to let such a matter go by default, but that he should entertain such ideas was horrible to her, that he imagined that she would want to hold him to an unspoken avowal was too much for her pride; and her discovering how deeply she loved him in these days did not take the edge from the bitterness of her humiliation and grief.

Slowly she came to the conclusion that the only way to release him with dignity was to put it out of her power to marry him; she knew that when he did come to her he would not accept any release from her hands, for she had shown him that she cared for him; but she would consent to marry Atmore, and from the moment Cope heard it, his mouth would be closed forever on the subject. And she would thus free him from responsibility in the past or future.

So she sat down in the library to write

two letters; she had written one to Atmore and had directed and was sealing the envelope when she heard a man's voice in the lower hall. Dropping her pen in some agitation, she sank back into her chair, and awaited him with a beating heart.

Cope strode boldly into the room.

"What did you suppose had become of me?" he blurted out, with a fine disregard of the fact that one should lead gently up to a point, and not stun one's hearers with abstruse questions. He had taken both her hands and was holding them so tight that she cried out with pain; she made an effort to release herself, but he did not yield the point. She was surprised and annoyed to see that he did not look at all worried, but smiled frankly at her in an honest, healthy way. This struck her as impertinent; what right had he to look well and be so cheerful when she had been suffering from his neglect. She was not in a mood, if he had known it, to make things easy for him.

"I never attempt to answer conundrums," she replied, icily.

He looked at her inquiringly and in some astonishment. She thawed a little when Cope explained to her in a bungling manner that he had been called to Newport by a telegram stating that his father had had a stroke of paralysis. He had left town the next day after he had seen her in such a hurry that he was unable to bid her good-bye; his father had been extremely ill, but was better now, and as soon as he had got over his fright about him he had returned. Would she overlook the delay? He loved her; would she be his wife?

Eleanor sat as if absorbed in thought and at first vouchsafed no reply. Presently she asked calmly if anything had happened to the United States mail? Couldn't he have written? He had thought of writing, but letters were so unsatisfactory, that he thought it would be safer to tell her everything in person so as to avoid misunderstanding.

"It would have relieved my mind if you had written; but that was not important it seems."

And then she had murmured that there had been some misunderstanding as it was. But in spite of her irritation she was immensely relieved by his explanation.

Ah! he had not thought about her peace of mind, and was very penitent because he had overlooked it. After awhile he chanced a sly look at her to see if she was taking a less hard view of things; she appeared in a softer mood. He also remembered that she had utterly ignored his questions. Would she please answer the last one now? he pleaded very humbly, but his eyes shone too brightly for a thoroughly chastened spirit.

Picking up the letter she had written she slowly and thoughtfully tore it up into bits and threw it into the waste-paper basket. She kept him in suspense for a full minute before she permitted herself to answer, then, gazing steadily at him, but with heightening color, she said, saucily:

"I have forgotten your question."

The conversation had begun to grow unintelligible, and the only idea that would have struck a superficial observer was that Cope seemed to labor under an insane delusion that the whole place was full of mistletoe and that Eleanor was always standing under it.

### THE SENTINEL PINE.

(Overlooking Lake Minnesquan.)

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

**I**N undulating, endless chain  
Against the summer sky,  
The mountains rise above the plain.  
A pine tree towers high  
Upon a mountain height alone—  
A solitary thing,  
Erect upon a rocky throne,  
A semblance of a king.  
The trees take on a gorgeous dress  
And flaunt the sunset's shades.  
A mockery of happiness!  
For in the deepest glades  
The ground is strewn with leaves of brown,  
Which in the east wind fall,  
The solitary pine looks down  
Unchanged amid it all.

But when the icy tempests sweep  
Along the mountain chain,  
And all the forest lies asleep  
Awaiting spring's bright reign,  
Then like a king the pine tree tall,  
Against the sky outlined,  
Stands as a sentinel o'er all,  
Untouched by storm or wind.  
And often ere the sun's last glow  
Lights up the western skies  
In shadow o'er the vale below  
The lonely pine tree lies.  
No other trees their shadows cast  
Across the snowy plain,  
And 'spite the winter's icy blast  
Hearts hope for spring again.



## THE PERJURY OF DAVID GRIMISON.

BY ROBERT N. STEPHENS.

TWO things our mother taught my elder brother David and me to regard above most other things—fraternity and truth.

I remember how one evening, when we two were very young, we sat with mother in the kitchen, and the wind moaned around the farm-house, and my mother explained these matters to us. We were in the kitchen because that winter was the first after our father died, and we were too poor to keep more than one fire in the house. I can still see the fire-light as it lay upon my mother's dear face, a face always soft and sweet in its look, although it was careworn and faded then with grief at my father's death, and with the worryment of trying to make the farm pay. My brother David sat on the other side of her, sober and quiet, as he always was, looking at times into the fire and then at my mother's face. I was on my little low chair playing with the kitten.

"I can't see," David said, "what makes us better than any of the neighbors, mother. We're very poor, and we're only farm people. Why do you say that we can hold our heads as high as the best of them?"

My mother's blue eyes took that proud light which had often shone in them before father died, and in her tender voice she answered:

"Because, dear, our people, both on your father's side and on mine, have always been honest and truthful in all things, even the smallest, and have always lived peaceful lives. As far back as any one in the county can remember, none of our folks ever took a dishonest advantage of any one, even when the law would have allowed it; and there has never been a family quarrel among us. When you know more of the world, boys, you'll understand why you can be proud of your birth and your name."

"I think I understand now, mother," David said. I recall he nodded his head slowly as he spoke, and drew nearer

to mother, and looked affectionately at me. And the rest of that evening has passed from my mind.

We grew up loving each other and our mother the more, I think, for the cold and hunger all three endured together. I did not notice then that it was I who had the best of what could be obtained by means of our poor little farm, although one time, before Christmas, when it came to David's choosing between new boots for himself and a new hat for me to wear to school, I heard him say to mother:

"My old ones will stand one more half-soleing and patching. Let's think of Frank. I had things better when father lived, you know, but the poor little fellow hasn't known much comfort or pleasures in his life."

And now in these late days I recall that they too often thought of little Frank, as they called me. I was so young that I did not rate highly enough the sacrifices that they underwent for me.

They made a pet of me, because, as they and some other people said, I was handsome and clever; and David, whom people thought plain and gaunt and dull at school, was never happier than when, as we walked into town, people turned to look at me, or when, at the end of the term in the little school-house across the hill, I received the highest merit-card, while he got none. It came to be his and my mother's constant speech, that "Little Frank would be a great man some day."

And so, although David had given up school entirely when he was fifteen years old, to help mother the more on the farm, I continued at study until I had passed through the high school in the village; and then David insisted that I should keep most of my time for reading while he did my share of the farm-work as well as his own.

"No man can be two things well," he said, and my mother agreed with him;



"so you be the student of the family and I'll be the farmer."

Now, after I had left school, I began to notice that my mother and David were often in close talk together, and I somehow perceived that the talk was about me; but I said nothing, knowing that in good time I would hear whatever it were well for them to let me know.

But when the matter was made known to me, it was a greater surprise than I had dared to hope for. Mother had been in correspondence with an old friend of her father, one who was a banker in New York, and through him she had obtained a position for me in his bank. This was overwhelming news. I had never been to the city, and to live there had been my secret dream. But how could I have let my mother and David know that I was willing to leave them?

And indeed I thought for the time that I could not bring myself to part from them, when at the railroad station my mother held up her tear-stained face to kiss me good-bye, and pressed into my hand the new pocket-book containing the money that they had been long in getting and saving for my expenses to the city, and until my first salary day. My brother David could say nothing for the lump in his throat; he looked very pale and pressed hard my hand in his big brown one. None of us had ever been away from home before.

I tried to smile and to put some cheer into my voice, as I said:

"Just wait, mother; I'll soon be well-fixed in the city, and you and David will come and live with me."

So my mother, too, tried to smile, but it was a sad effort, and my brother David labored hard to keep the tears from his eyes. The whistle blew and I got on the train. I looked back and saw them side by side, my mother's thin, sadly-smiling face and moist blue eyes and her cheap black shawl, and David's great bent frame and rough clothes, standing out against the wooden station, as they watched the train carrying me away to the city. And I thought how, when the train was out of sight, each would heave a sigh and turn to walk slowly home to the little farm-

house that would be so lonely without me.

I wrote them a long letter as soon as I reached the boarding-house to which my mother's friend had recommended me, in the city; and I was homesick for the first hours. But the city's sights soon filled my thoughts, and later my new work in the bank and the companions I made, drove mother and David from my mind much of the time. But they had only me to think of, and the letters that I received from them, were more and longer than the ones I sent to them.

I was sufficiently observant to perceive what constituted the differences in my country dialect and walk and dress from those of the city people; and sufficiently adaptable to rid myself of my rusticity ere many months passed. Then I picked up the first and worst of my vices—vanity and an unconfessed shame of my country rearing. When I had acquired city clothes and city ways of wearing them, I changed my boarding-house, and in my new place I let no one into the secret of my rural origin.

The dwellers of this house, an old, tall brick building with high steps, on one of those streets that cross from river to river, were given to late hours and noisy living. I made companions of several of them and I took up their ways and habits, one of which was drunkenness.

And then another thing happened which, more than anything else, tended to keep my mother and David out of my thoughts. I fell in love with a pretty light-haired girl who lived on the fourth floor. She was employed by the milliner whose shop was in the first floor front. She was as light-hearted as she was light-haired—and I can see now that she was light-minded.

We used to ride in the cars to the Park on Sundays. It was while we were on one of these trips that Flora saw some country people—a mother and son, who reminded me of mother and David and carried me back for a moment to the little farm-house—who were evidently having their first sight of New York. My sweetheart made some jest about their

awkward and overawed look and their ridiculous clothes. Then I realized the gulf that had formed between my people and me; and in my heart of hearts I shuddered at the thought of the visit that my mother and David intended to make me in the following winter, if wheat should bring a good price. What would Flora and my new associates think of me when they should see my people?

But that visit was never made. Mother died in November, of a sudden attack of pneumonia. I was too ill from over-indulgence in liquor to go to her funeral, so David wept over her body and stood by her grave alone; and mother's death gave him so many additional tasks that he could not come to see me that winter, although he wrote me that he longed to look upon my face, for it was so lonely on the farm and there was so much of mother in my eyes. I wept when I got this letter, in sorrow for David and in shame for myself; and I had one good impulse to go back to the farm, that I might brighten David's life and share his labors; but the sound of Flora's voice, humming a comic song in the room over my head, killed that impulse at its birth.

I tried to keep David, and the solitary life he led upon the farm, out of my mind; and I succeeded most of the time, for my life became more frivolous, my vanity increased, and my vices occupied more of my hours. I rarely wrote to David and I disliked to get letters from him, for my conscience smote me at thought of him.

One October night I gave a little party in my room. Flora and two of her friends and some of my most dissolute acquaintances were my guests. We had just opened bottles, when the servant knocked at my door and told me that a man wished to see me.

"Oh! here he is now! He's followed me up," she said, as she turned from my door; and then a heavy step sounded on the floor, and into my room, into the midst of my chaffing friends, strode my brother David.

His face had grown thinner and browner. His shoulders stooped more

than ever, and his long bare hands and wrists protruded from the sleeves of a faded coat that was far too small. In his one hand was an old carpet valise, in his other a makeshift cage containing a hen that had been a special pet of my mother's. His appearance evoked a shout of laughter from Flora.

David looked at me with eyes full of love and tears. He could not speak for joy at seeing my face again.

One of my friends, affected by a single drink, spoke up to me, jestingly:

"Who's your queer visitor? Introduce him!"

David then noticed my company for the first time; and he looked at me inquiringly, as if to ask whether he was the cause of the mirth.

Then he came toward me. His lips moved, and I could see upon them the words: "Little Frank!" I was about to throw my arms around his neck and kiss him, as I had done in the old days, when I caught the eyes of Flora. How she would disdain me, how my other associates would hold me up to laughter should they know that this uncouth man was by brother!

I stood back and said to my guests:

"I've never seen this man before!"

Then I felt like a cur and I hung my head to avoid the astounded, pained gaze of David, who was not now so dull as to fail of perceiving the cause and purpose of my words. When I raised my eyes, he bowed awkwardly and said:

"Excuse me! I made a mistake."

And he turned and walked out of the room.

Then I thought of it all, while I pretended to drink and be merry. David, so forlorn upon the farm, hungry at heart for a sight of the only loved one left to him, had doubtless pinched and saved in order to pay me a visit. He had thought to give me the keen pleasure of a surprise. How he must have looked forward to that meeting!

What a meeting it had been!

I made a pretext to leave my guests, and I ran out to the street, hoping to find David somewhere, to ask forgiveness for so cruel a slight, and to offer him the

brother's love that he had always counted upon.

But I could not find him. Nor did I see him for years again. I wrote to him at the farm-house, but my letter was returned by a man whom he had hired to work the farm for a share of the products. The man wrote that David had gone to another city, Philadelphia, and had found employment in a carpet mill, directing that his share of the farm's products be sent to him at regular times, and that mine be sent to me, now that I had passed twenty-one years.

Now, having lost my self-respect through this unnatural act toward David, I fell lower. I sold my interest in the farm that I might provide for Flora the luxuries which it seemed to me were befitting her prettiness. Some of the money went for dissolute and drunken pleasures for myself and my comrades; and within five years I was penniless and friendless, Flora having jilted me to wed a haberdasher's clerk.

During this period I had, by the irregularity of my life, lost my position at the bank, and subsequently two less responsible posts that I had secured with difficulty.

My brother David, of whose doings I knew nothing in those years, but learned long afterward, had risen in the carpet mill from the rank of an ordinary unskilled workman to a place of trust in the office of his employer. He was a patient, plodding man, not to be turned from his path by the smiles of women and the sparkle of wine. Indeed I fear that few women's smiles were ever cast in his way, for through all his youth and early manhood, he was bashful and ungainly; and his taciturnity and timidity kept him from being sought as a companion by convivial spirits. He never thought of the kind of pleasures that had tempted and won me. He lived alone, with his memory full of my mother and of me as I had been in the days of my boyhood; and he loved me still, because of those days, and because there was so much of mother in my eyes. And how he sorrowed for me and for the gulf that I had put between us, I need not tell.

But, as he had told me since, he never lost the hope that some day I would come back to him.

He husbanded his share of the money from the farm, and he saved also the greater part of his earnings; and the time came when, with the assistance of his employer, he was able to go into business for himself as a retail carpet merchant. His profits grew, and at last he bought a partnership in his former employer's factory. At forty he was a rich man. Then he gave up the one room that had been his lodging in all the days of his rise, and he came to New York and took rooms on Twenty-third Street. He still lived frugally, for he had acquired the way of frugality in the days of our poverty on the farm, and to that way was owing his thrift.

He had lost all knowledge of my whereabouts after I had sold my part of our inheritance; he knew that I could learn his own at any time from his tenant on the farm. It was well, I think, for his peace of mind that he was ignorant of the roughness and privation of my life in the period when he was rising in the world. For then I was falling in it, and in the course of my fall I had many hard fights with starvation. Vagrancy and drunkenness filled the extent of my viciousness. The things that I experienced in the fifteen years that made an old man of me at forty would fill many books, but a recital of them is not essential to this confession.

In all my wretched career I never fell to attempt robbery but once, and that last fall was one of the critical events of my life. It happened on a night nineteen years after I had denied my brother. In all that time I had not seen his face.

It was in this manner:

I had returned to New York in winter from a wayfaring across the country—for I was now a fully initiated vagabond. For four nights I had known no bed save the floor of a station-house cell, a bench in Madison Square (where I had slept sitting, an art in which I had become proficient), and a hole in the wharf by the North River. For two days I had not eaten, and for months I had not been

shaven. I had reached that stage in vagrancy when desperation gives birth to crime.

Every man to whom that evening I had mumbled my request for "a few cents toward a night's lodging," had hurried on. So I stood at midnight a solitary, half-frozen figure at the corner of Madison Square, looking across the cold street at the brilliant hotel-fronts which told of warmth and food and drink within. Wind blew up and down and across Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The cold had caused the street to be almost deserted.

I sat down on one of the benches, listless from exhaustion, ready to freeze and starve. I was not long in the stupor that stole over me when I beheld a sight that lifted me to my feet. In front of me stood a drunken countryman, swaying from side to side, and laboriously counting money that he gathered from various pockets. He was evidently in doubt as to whether sufficient remained for some such purpose as to pay a hotel bill or to take him home.

The sight of money, the thought of a warm drink and hot soup and a comfortable bed, the desperation of my condition, impelled me even before I thought of what risk I took. I was by the countryman's side in an instant, in another I had my fingers around his throat, in another he lay upon a bench beneath my knee, while my left hand was in the pocket into which he had instinctively thrust his handful of bills.

The countryman cried "murder!" and ere I could loose his hold upon his money I felt the grasp of hands about my shoulders and I was torn from my intended victim and brought face to face with his rescuer. The latter was an oldish man with a furrowed, clean-shaven face and gray hair. I looked into his eyes, he into mine.

He was my brother David, and we knew each other after nineteen years.

He stood as one paralyzed, for some seconds, while he held me by the shoulder. Then the corners of his lips fell, and grief shook his body, and he cried in a way that brought my mother back

to me. Saying nothing, he relaxed his hold upon my body and went to the frightened countryman, who was now sitting half-dazed upon the bench. With no word for my brother, and reading in his action a desire on his part that I should escape, I slunk away, giving no look behind.

A policeman came up to the countryman, while my brother was with him, and took both to the station-house of the precinct, where David had to make some vague description of the would-be robber and to leave his own address that he might be summoned at any time to testify should the assailant be caught.

My brother David passed a sorrowful night. The thought that I—the "little Frank" of the old days; I, in whose eyes our dead mother still lived; I, of whom had been our mother's last words to him—had become a common footpad and perhaps worse, was enough; but the fear that I would be captured and that he would be called as the only witness, to testify against me, troubled his slow-working mind with racking for projects to avert such a calamity. My brother has since told me all that he thought and felt alone in his bed that night. He did not know whether it was well or ill that he had gone out for a midnight walk in accordance with his custom of years.

At dawn he had not slept, but he had determined upon his course in the event of my being arrested.

I had not long remained uncaught. I was arrested at Broadway and Eleventh Street, at three o'clock in the morning, upon suspicion, and at dawn I found myself in a cell adjoining those in which were two other nocturnal prowlers who also had been picked up as suspects.

The countryman who had been detained all night at the police station, was sober and was wishing he were well out of the affair. To have saved his life he could not have identified the man who had attacked him. He and the two other suspects and I were taken to the police court for hearing before a justice.

Thus it came about that my brother David was summoned to testify when I was in peril of long imprisonment and



lasting disgrace, for assault with intent to rob upon the highway.

The countryman, an unwilling and frightened witness, could not be induced to swear that any one of us three prisoners was or was not his assailant. Therefore the matter of identification lay with my brother David.

I was full of shame for having brought this grief upon him, and full of doubt as to what he would do. When he came into the police court, he looked at me casually at first; and later he examined me as one observes a stranger. Knowing that this was but simulation, I asked myself this question: Had he made up his mind to incriminate and disown me or apparently not to recognize me?

He took oath and gave his account of the incident and his share in it.

The justice ordered the three prisoners to stand before my brother, one at a time. I was the last. David swore that neither of the other two had done the deed. Then I was brought face to face with him.

He looked straight at me for a moment. None but me saw his mouth twitch at the corners. None but me saw the soul of the man in the blue eyes. Neither of us moved.

And presently my brother David shook his head and said, in the calmest voice:

"I've never seen this man before!"

Thus, with the perjury of his own soul, the blotting of his own white record, he had revenge upon me for my cruel utterance of those same words nineteen years ago.

The prisoners were dismissed, and we went our ways, no further glance then passing between David and myself. In my mind's eye I could see him slowly walking homeward, his head bent now, for the first time in shame for a lie and a crime, although not the first time in sorrow.

I went from that place bitter with self-reproach. Not any or all the deeds of my own had caused such ache of remorse within me as was now produced by this thing which my brother had done for my sake. Knowing his far-rooted hatred of falsehood, knowing the

soul-deep love of truth that our ancestors had transmitted to him and our mother had fostered in him, I could now measure by the magnitude that his crime must have had in his own eyes, his great love for me. He had placed the impeccability of his life in the scales against his brotherly love and the memory of what I had been in the days of our boyhood, and the thought that our mother still lived in the color of my eyes. One must know David as I do, that one may estimate the fullness of his sacrifice made for me.

It was meditation upon this matter that brought me to a complete sense of my degradation, of the extent of my fall, and of the waste that I had made of my years. While I sat, heedless of the cold, upon a bench in Madison Square, the past paraded before me. The spectacle evoked angry chidings for myself and tears for the two that had loved me.

Suddenly, in the darkness of that hour, came to me a light. It was the thought that some regaining of what I had lost, some tardy payment of my brother's love, some atonement for my past, were yet possible to me. The idea took the form of a resolution. The spark of my manhood was rekindled. I would throw off the fetters that bound me to sloth and uselessness. I arose and walked, my head erect, from the public square toward Broadway, bound for I knew not where, but animated by my new purpose and elated at the discovery that all good had not died within me.

I looked at the clock on the tall bank building north of the Square. It was half-past three in the afternoon of December 16th. I was forty years old that day.

I resolved not to face my brother until I could come decently clad, owing no man, and quits with humanity through having given to others as much as had come to me unearned in my long time of beggary.

By what menial labors, long sought and not easily obtained, I became self-sustaining, I need not now tell. Within two years I saved sufficient money to take me to Kansas, where from an under-



ling upon a ranch I became in five years more a cattle-dealer in a small way. The same prudent methods as had brought a competence to David now served me. And in my forty-eighth year I was again in New York, with money to invest for the profit of myself and any one who might come to me in need. My Western life had transformed me outwardly; but I felt no fear that my brother would fail to recognize me.

For some years I had been kept informed, by my brother's tenant at the farm, of David's health and whereabouts. He had not, in all the period of my Western progress, changed his abode. It was night-fall when I arrived in New York, but I lost no time before going to seek him.

The janitress of his lodging-house showed me the way to his rooms; and, when I had knocked, he opened the door himself, so that we stood face to face upon the threshold.

For a few seconds we looked upon each other, speechless; and then, as if he comprehended all, he took my hand and drew me toward him, placing his arm about my neck and his head upon my shoulder. So we wept together, for some little time; and although no word was said my brother knew that I had asked forgiveness and I knew that it had been granted me.

David turned the light higher and motioned me to take off my overcoat and sit in his largest, softest chair. Then I noticed, for the first time, that he was an old man. His hair was entirely white, and deep lines lay upon his smooth-shaven face. I had not observed this at first sight of him, for then I had seen the David of my childhood. In that embrace of greeting we were boys again. When I beheld what grief and years had worked upon his visage, I saw that he who had been so plain of face in his youth was now beautiful, and I told him so.

"Every man or woman has good looks at some time in life," he said, with a smile, "as mother used to tell us."

"She told us, too, that goodness and pure thoughts and sorrows would give

moments of beauty to the homeliest of faces," I answered, sadly, thinking of the unhappiness that David had experienced because of me.

David's face clouded and his eyes dropped, not because of my allusion to his sorrow but because of something else, which I divined.

"Davy," I said, "I know what you are thinking of. I've reproached myself every hour since that day. But I've done more, for I've lived a useful, busy, honorable life, because I knew I could make no better recompense to you. I have never had a dishonest thought since, and I never had had one before that night."

My brother's face lighted up.

"Then I was right," he cried. "I read it in your eyes that night. I said to myself, it was your first crime, and I felt that if I could save you from the shame of prison you would never make yourself liable to it again."

"And to save me, you—"

I stopped here, regretting that I had so begun, for I had determined not to allude to David's perjury. But he turned crimson, and arose and paced the room, sighing heavily as if under a burden. Presently I spoke, very softly:

"David, don't think of it! We will both forget it! Surely it was for the best, since all has turned out so well."

But he shook his head.

"I cannot forget it!" he said. "It presses upon me. I should be so happy now that you have come back to me, but for it. Frank, do you know, I seem always to see mother's face, more grieved than reproving, as if she knew that I had lied, that I had sworn to a lie. It has worked for good, I know, and the truth would perhaps have brought evil. It had to be, I could not have done otherwise! Still we are criminals, my brother, unconvicted, but none the less guilty in our own sight."

He sank into a chair and leaned his head upon a table.

In the silence that followed, while the hum of the city's evening life came muffled from the street below, the solution

of my brother's problem and mine took life in my brain. Without moving from my chair, I said, quietly:

"We can remove this stain easily, and when we shall have done so our mother's face will seem to smile when it comes into our thoughts and dreams."

My brother David lifted his head and gazed at me with wide-open, inquiring eyes.

"In what way?" he whispered, in amazement.

"By confessing and giving ourselves up to the law, to receive the due penalties of our crime."

My brother stood up, his face aglow with new joy, like that of a man who

has been traversing a dark and seemingly endless tunnel when he catches the first glimpse of light ahead.

It is because I am the more skilled in the handling of words, that the writing of this our confession has fallen to me. It has occupied me all the night, and, when we shall have arranged for the sending of copies to all who know and esteem us, we shall go together to the district-attorney and duly lay charges against ourselves.

Let the prison gates close upon us. We go hand in hand, as brothers should, that our sin may be expiated by disgrace and durance, that the records of our lives may be cleansed.

## TO MY BULLFINCH.

BY BLANCHE LINDSAY.

DEAR and happy little bullfinch,  
Blithe, and pert, and tame,  
Rosy feathers puff'd a full inch  
From your tiny frame;  
Pretty minstrel that you be,  
Come and sing your song to me.

'Tis a tune with fancies laden,  
Wrought in vagrant moods,  
Love-lilt trill'd by many a maiden  
Through Bavarian woods,  
As her eager dark eyes burn  
For her soldier-lad's return.

You, dear bunch of heart and feathers,  
Pipe, and bow, and bend,—  
You, whom fond affection tethers  
Close to me, your friend,  
Hopping round about my feet,  
Earnest in your pleading sweet;

'Tis not need of hemp or groundsel  
Brings my Bulbul nigh;  
That his simple tongue can sound well,  
Let no man deny—  
Would that every human throat  
Utter'd such an honest note!

## DISAPPEARED; OR, THE RUSSEL AFFAIR.

BY LEIGH NORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE TWO HELENS," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### BLACK COCK.

HOUR after hour Mrs. Russel watched for returning consciousness. She could not let him die, it would seem to her then as if she too were a murderer. Vengeance must not rest in her hands. There was one who had said, "I will repay." If any exertion of hers could save him he must be saved. Then, too, if he died now, at once, leaving unspoken the words that he alone could speak, the dread secret might go down to the grave with him.

Day and night she watched and waited. The doctor looked at the sharpened lines, the growing paleness of her face, which spoke of the conflict within, and said:

"You are overdoing this matter. I must give orders for you to rest."

"Oh! no," she pleaded. "Let me keep my place a little longer. The tide must turn one way or the other soon."

"He has been a fine specimen of a man," he said, looking at him, "but there is internal trouble as well as some injury to the spine. I have not much hope of his being saved," and he passed on.

At last the dark eyes opened, a look almost of recognition came into them, and he turned his head away uneasily.

"Who be you?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"The nurse," she answered, quietly, standing so that her face was in shadow.

"The picture," he murmured.

"Be quiet now and try to sleep," she said, with gentle authority. "You have not strength to talk."

"There was a fire and I got badly hurt."

"Yes."

"I didn't want nothin' there. I'd better 'a let it alone, only I like"—he

broke off and was silent for a moment.

"I'm done for, I reckon," with something like an oath. "Am I done for? Say?"

"We cannot tell. Your only chance is to be quiet and obey orders."

"Obey orders," he quoted, sneeringly.

"That aint my line. I've done more giving orders in my time." She laid her hand on his brow for a moment and it seemed to calm him, for he was silent once more, and fell into a doze.

The night had come again and Alice Russel sat beside her patient's bed, leaning her head against the wall trying to snatch a moment's sleep. She knew that she could not hold out much longer. The strain was too great, even for her determined will. The patient spoke again, low and brokenly. She knelt beside him to catch his words, and that he might not disturb the chance slumbers of any who were able to gain such a coveted boon. "You're named Russel," he said, "I know you, I seen your picture, he had it in his breast coat pocket. I put it with them other papers." Alice wrung her hands together, but was silent. "My name's Black Cock, leastwise that's what most of the fellows call me, and I haint no use for any other. 'He's a bully one,' they used to say, I could make 'em stand around, the whole gang. There wasn't a fellow of 'em as tall and as strong as I. Your husband knocked me down once. You remember?"

"Yes," said Alice, with parched lips.

"He couldn't 'a done it, but he took me unawares. I paid him up. I swore I would, and I did. You'd good cause to hate me, but you've nursed me fair. 'Taint your fault if I don't pull through. I aint a-goin' to, neither," he said, his voice sinking to a whisper, "but I'll die game. It has to come sometime. Maybe

it's better than to wait till one's old and feeble. I shouldn't 'a liked that. Did you know what I was?" he asked, after a pause. "Did you guess all the mischief I done you?" A look of wonder growing in his eyes.

"I thought I knew something of it," she answered quietly.

"And you bin a-waitin' on me just—no—better 'n you'd a been a sister or a wife! I've heard of angels, but I never seen one till now. My time's gettin' short, I can feel it. I'll make a clean breast of it. No, don't call any one," as she half arose, but as she knelt again he relapsed into unconsciousness.

The light of the early dawn crept in and still Alice Russel kept her post. Her face was scarcely less deathlike than that upon the pillow. He roused at last and she gave him nourishment and stimulants. She could not doubt that life was ebbing away, and another twenty-four hours would see it ended.

He began again where he had paused, as if unconscious of the lapse of time, and his voice was temporarily stronger. "I vowed I'd be revenged on him, so I made out where he lived and what he did, and followed him close, as he never knew. Sometimes meself, sometimes by them as did as I bid 'em. At last, one day we found he was goin' to take money out to the country, and that was our time. We had our bargain made with a fellow we knew, with a little craft, a fruit vessel as was goin' back to Italy. One or two chaps and myself. They've left Ameriky now and aint like ever to come back. We hung about the woods all day, one of us had followed him in the train and give a signal when he got off. Then I crept up behind him and jest give him one blow on the back of his head." Alice shuddered. "He dropped forward on his face, as quiet and nice as you please, with never a sound. I thought we'd gone too far and killed him, but we hadn't time to find out. So I jest picked him up, he was a good bit lighter nor me, and hurried away to a little cove where the others were a-waitin' and rowed down the river and out to sea, as hard as we could go, where that

ere little craft was a-lyin' off for us. He weren't killed, but he didn't come to for a powerful long time. I'd hit harder than I meant. And from that time on he was dazed like and I reckon he aint come to yet.

"We had a stormy passage, but got over safe and made our little port. Ike Flowers wasn't one of us, but he know'd all and hung around the old place and sent us word now and then how things was a comin' on. And we know'd our best plan was to keep Russel out of the way and let 'em think he was dead or run off. He jest went wherever we took him and never got clear in his head again. So at last we left him over there and came home."

"Where? Where?" panted Alice.

"At Viaggio. He's there now, I reckon. And we buried the papers in a box in the hut. Here," he said, grasping feebly at a cord around his neck and drawing a discolored ring from it. "Send that over to old Beppina Strozzi; it's a bargain between us, she's got to give 'em up to whoever shows her that ring. It don't need no writin'. Tell her I'll haunt her if she don't, she aint afraid of nothin' but ghosts, but she's powerful afeared o' them. She's a bad un, but she'll keep to her bargain or the ghosts 'll make her if she don't." His words came slower and more gaspingly. Alice moistened his lips once more. "Your picture's there too," he said. "It's jest a little photograph like, but I know'd you at once. I took it out of his vest pocket and put it with the papers. I didn't want him to see nothin' to remind him. I'm sorry now I can't do no more to make up for the harm. I've had my chance in this world and I've throw'd it away."

He closed his eyes with a groan and stretched out his hand gropingly. She would have turned to call doctor or minister, but it was too late. The muscles relaxed, the eyes opened, low and solemnly she uttered words of prayer for the passing soul. When they came to her in the daylight, she lay unconscious on the floor beside the couch of the dead.



## CHAPTER XII.

## JOE AND HIS GRANDFATHER.

MORE than one home was made desolate by the great fire. Many families mourned the accidents to or death of some relative. Joe Flowers had been early at the scene of disaster, and, boy as he was, performed prodigies in saving from destruction both the property and even the lives of some of the sufferers. He went into a burning house to rescue a child that had been overlooked, and while making his way out, almost suffocated and blinded with smoke, had received a severe blow from a falling beam which had knocked the child insensible and broken *his* left arm.

This misfortune, however, proved a blessing in disguise, in some respects, by distracting the old man's mind from what he regarded as a sore calamity, the death of Ike. Among the charred and blackened bodies removed from the ashes of the burnt factory was that of Ike Flowers. Whether his object had been plunder on his own account or whether some stirrings of a better nature had induced him to go to the help of some suffering fellow-being was never known. He had not been employed in the building, but the body was one of those found in its *débris*.

"Oh! poor boy! poor boy!" cried the old man, wringing his hands. "He never had his fair chance."

And Joe, though he had little cause for affection toward his brother, and could not but realize the relief his absence must bring, was shocked and solemnized by such a termination of his' career.

It chanced that the child who had been rescued belonged to a poor woman for whom Mr. North had done some legal favors. Hence it was that he learned of Joe's share in the matter, and was able to say a few words of consolation to old Mr. Stephens, with whom he now first became acquainted.

"Yes, it was a terrible affair," he said, referring to the fire, "but we must be thankful that any of us escaped," and, laying his hand kindly on Joe's shoulder, "you must be thankful that you have the best of your grandsons left. Joe has

shown himself a brave fellow, you may well be proud of him, and I shall remember it to his advantage."

Joe blushed and dropped three pocket-knives in succession in his confusion and gratitude. While the old man's thoughts, diverted to the grandson of whom he might justly be proud, and in the tending of whose broken arm he might find active employment, became, temporarily at least, less painful. Uncertainty and anticipation of evil are sometimes worse than a reality, which though, perhaps in itself, a greater ill, is final in its nature. Old Mr. Stephens's mind had long dwelt painfully on his ne'er-do-weel grandson. He had constantly anticipated bad news of him, and since his suspicions had been aroused more fully in regard to the Russel case, had even feared he might be deserving and in some danger of a halter. Now this was all over. The worst had come, there need be no more timorous looking for and dreading it.

"Perhaps the poor lad made up at the last for some of his wild doings," he said, softly to himself. "Maybe it was in tryin', like Joe, to help some poor body that he came to his death. Leastwise there was nothin' shameful in it, as I feared."

And the thought comforted him not a little.

"If nothin' very bad is proved ag'in him later, perhaps I may be thankful he came to such an end."

Joe thought much but said little on the subject. He bore uncomplainingly the pain in his arm, which, though fortunately the left one, proved troublesome. He treasured Mr. North's words, and was thankful that his grandfather's eye was now so much better as to admit of his attending to all necessary household concerns.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## ACTIVE MEASURES.

ALICE RUSSEL recovered consciousness after that dreadful night only to relapse again into stupor, and any resumption of her duties was out of the question. The strain of body and mind which she had undergone for weeks

and months past had now culminated in complete prostration, and that her life even would be spared, seemed at times doubtful.

The doctor was inclined to have her remain under his charge at the hospital, Mr. Cameron desired her to be moved to his house, while Kate was no less determined that her sister should be taken to her own home and she herself installed as nurse.

"You know I had a good deal of experience when Clara was sick, papa, and I can have all the assistance that is necessary. I am sure Alice would rather be at home and nowhere could she be kept so quiet," and having at length won over the doctor to her side, she carried her point.

In the one brief interval of consciousness that came to Alice, after her removal, she feebly expressed great satisfaction with the arrangement, and as time went on it proved an inestimable boon to both sisters.

"I knew this would be the end of it," fumed Mr. Cameron. "It was most unfortunate that I was not here in time to prevent this nonsense of Alice's going into the hospital. Brought up as she has been of course she was not equal to it."

"But after all she has suffered she would probably have been ill at any rate, papa, and it was perhaps a blessing to have her thoughts taken off from herself."

"When you learn the proper subordination to the opinions of your elders and betters, Catharine, it will be an improvement," said her father, severely.

And having succeeded in her main point of having Alice to herself, Kate argued no further, but let her father run on in the same strain for some time.

"It is a very bad habit you have of answering back," he concluded, after Kate had been listening silently for ten or fifteen minutes, "I put a stop to it with Clara at once and now I have no more trouble with her. But Clara is more biddable than you. A gentler, more feminine disposition."

The doctor had given orders that Mrs. Russel should be kept absolutely

quiet, and, though unwilling, Mr. Cameron yielded to the prohibition of not seeing her. Despite her marriage having been unsatisfactory to him, he was very fond of his daughter, and so seriously alarmed about her at present that he was ready to submit to the constituted authorities, as he would not have done had the case been a less severe one.

Paul Deland came daily, sometimes twice a day, to inquire for her, and, whenever practicable, was thankful for a few words with Kate. Their common interest seemed to draw them more closely together than ever before, and it was to him that she turned chiefly for advice and assistance.

"Alice has such a strange-looking ring tied to a piece of string in her hand, which she never lets go of. Neither the doctor nor I have been able to take it from her. Even when apparently unconscious she clings to it and effort to remove it always seems to trouble her. So the doctor says now we must not disturb her about it. Do you chance to know anything of it, Paul? Did you ever hear her speak of any such thing? I never saw it before. I think it is made of iron and silver."

"No," said Paul, "she never spoke to me of it. But it must be of some consequence, so I would guard it carefully. And I would try and keep up a good heart about her. I think she has a strong constitution though she looks frail. And, Kate," with a little hesitation in his voice, "try and take care of yourself also. I am afraid you do not spare yourself as you should."

"Oh! I'm tough," Kate laughed.

"But," he urged, "you may carry that too far. Remember, it would not help your sister at all, if you were to make yourself ill."

"Thank you, I will try to be prudent," said Kate, turning away with a tear in her eye.

"And do not be anxious about the ring. Alice will doubtless be able to explain the matter soon."

"I hope so. You always send me away comforted," she said, gratefully, giving him her hand as they parted.

The vigor of her naturally good constitution gradually asserted itself, and Alice Russel began slowly to improve. At first no recollection of the ring in her possession seemed to return to her, though she still clung to it, nor did Kate dare to risk questioning her about it. But one day, after lying quietly for some time, apparently in full possession of her faculties, she raised her hand and suddenly called her sister in a tone of great agitation.

"Kate! Send for Mr. North!"

"Mr. North!" exclaimed Kate, incredulously, "surely you mean the doctor."

"No. I am quite myself. I mean Mr. North."

"But, Alice, dear, you have been very ill. You are not fit for any excitement," urged Kate, persuasively.

"He told me Harry was still alive. Oh! how long is it since? How much time have I lost? Send for Mr. North!"

Kate half doubted if her sister were not delirious, but calling a servant dispatched a messenger both for the physician and the lawyer.

When assured that she had done so Alice again remained quiet, evidently saving her strength for the coming interview. Kate was much relieved when the doctor appeared and with a brief explanation she placed the matter in his hands.

"Mr. North! Where is Mr. North!" Alice cried, anxiously, and after a few moments' conversation with her the doctor decided that it was best to permit the interview she desired.

Happily Mr. North soon followed, and feebly, but still clearly and distinctly, Mrs. Russel was able to tell him the story of the ring, and urge that some one be sent at once in search of her husband and the missing papers. While, half fearing to part with it, she gave the ring into his charge.

"This is a most important disclosure, my dear Mrs. Russel, and I do not doubt its truth. Spare yourself any further anxiety. Trust the matter to us and try to get better yourself, so as to receive your husband, when, as I hope, he will be able to return to you."

"Is he still alive? or, if so, in what condition will he be?" he asked himself later, but suggested none of his anxieties to her.

The task of the doctor and the nurse was now indeed a difficult one. It was not to be wondered at that an access of fever soon appeared, followed by a relapse so serious that the danger seemed even greater than before and all measures had to be taken without Mrs. Russel's concurrence, or even her knowledge.

Mr. Morton, Mr. North, and Paul Deland again met to discuss the matter and most unwillingly felt obliged to add Mr. Cameron to their counsels.

"It really seems a very unlikely story this," said Mr. Cameron. "I am not disposed to place much faith in it."

"On the contrary," replied Mr. North, "I have very little doubt of its truth. It seems to furnish a key to the whole affair."

"Well, at least there is no question," said Mr. Morton, "that some one must be sent immediately to investigate it. The guilty parties here seeming to be dead and buried."

"There has been a criminal offense that nobody seems likely to hang for," remarked the lawyer.

"I am ready to go at once, if you desire," Paul Deland volunteered.

"Yes," answered Mr. Morton, approvingly, "you are the best person and the most conveniently situated to go. I will see that you are at no loss."

"Thanks, sir, but I would gladly take any risk or disadvantage to myself to rescue my friend."

"Writing or telegraphing to some one on the other side to attend to it might disprove the whole thing," suggested Mr. Cameron, but the other three negatived the proposition.

"No, no, enough time has been lost already." Mr. Morton spoke decisively. "It is necessary the matter should be investigated at once by one who understands the case fully. Can you be ready to sail to-morrow, Mr. Deland?" turning to the young man,

"I can."

"Then do so. Everything must be left in your hands. Keep us advised of your movements and cable to Mr. North or myself for whatever you may require."

Mr. Cameron, somewhat displeased at the manner in which his suggestion had been received, now took his departure, leaving all final arrangements in the hands of the others.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### PAUL'S MISSION.

PAUL DELAND's heart was filled with the hope of rescuing his friend from some terrible situation and of putting an end also to the dark mystery which had overshadowed life (to a greater or less degree) for so many.

His preparations were speedily made and he came to Kate to say his last farewell. Alice again lay unconscious and he could have no word with her.

"O Paul!" Kate said, anxiously, "what prospect is there? So much time has passed. Do you think there is any chance of bringing Harry home alive and well? Another disappointment after the excitement she has just gone through will be the death of Alice."

Paul looked grave.

"If he were himself at all, I cannot conceive of anything that could keep him from us. And how dreadful it would be if, even though he were alive, he should be injured for life. I am one of the sanguine kind generally, but my heart seems to fail me now."

"Don't give up," he answered, "we can only hope for the best. And as for Alice, it may be almost a mercy if unconsciousness spares her the anxiety that she would experience during my absence."

Kate sighed, "Oh! for the world to look bright again, as it did such a little while ago!"

He began to speak but checked himself.

"Now it is my turn," she resumed, with an attempt at playfulness. "You were exhorting me lately to take care of myself. Take care of yourself. We do not know what sort of danger you may be running into," and she again looked

sober, as her imagination conjured up some painful situations.

"Perhaps the advice is needed by both of us. But I am so glad to be able to do something at last. The being able to do nothing heretofore has been a trial. I must go now. My vessel sails early in the morning. God bless you!" He wrung her hand, looked for a moment as if he would have done more, and was gone.

The voyage was short and prosperous, and as speedily as steam could carry him Paul made his way to Viaggio and the house indicated. An old woman came to the door, greeted the Signor with shrugs and exclamations and was disposed to give him little information. But Paul was not to be so easily put off as Kate and Mr. Cameron, and, though not fluent in speaking, was a tolerable Italian scholar. A little coaxing and a good deal of firmness carried his point. "Per Bacco!" cried the old woman in horror when she heard of Black Cock's death. But the ring carried weight, even without the threat that his ghost would haunt her, and the papers were produced. They were of no service to her, the terror of punishment for having kept them was always in her mind, and as there was no money with them, she was glad in her heart to be relieved of the charge of them. She led the way to the corner of the hut and with a shovel uncovered a tin box containing the lost valuables. Paul took them almost with a trembling hand and as Alice's sweet face smiled up at him from her photograph he could hardly suppress his emotion.

The men of the establishment were off on a fishing excursion or some less reputable expedition, and as far as he could learn were not likely soon to return. On pressing his inquiries for the Signor Americano to whom the papers belonged, he could obtain little satisfaction. That he had been there for some time the woman reluctantly admitted. He was touched in his head, she intimated, shaking her own and pointing to her forehead. Sometimes it seemed he had gone on the expeditions with the padrone, but on this occasion he had been left in her



charge and had escaped, she knew not whither. Bribes and threats were alike unavailing to extort further information, and Paul finally became convinced that she spoke the truth. Harry still lived. Harry was lost again. Where could he turn to find him? The idea at once occurred that he had finally started for home, and by cautious inquiries Paul was able to trace him to the nearest sea-port, where he was himself to embark. The delay and trouble involved made him decide not to put the matter in the hands of the authorities, and having received a description of a man who had recently sailed for America, in a vessel lately put to sea, which corresponded with his theories about Harry, he felt tolerably well satisfied that he had preceded him. The search for him must be renewed on the other side; but this late effort to return suggested the restoration of his faculties, and with more confident hopes than he had yet allowed himself, Paul felt that his mission was in great part accomplished, and he took passage for home.

A carefully worded telegram had conveyed to Mr. Morton and Mr. North the results of his journey, and he impatiently counted the days which lay between him and its termination. His thoughts dwelt much on both Alice and Kate, with a tenderness toward the latter he had never expected to feel. He longed for the sight of her face, the touch of her hand once more, and adjured the passing hours to hasten their flight.

Again he was favored with a short and prosperous voyage, but it seemed all too long for his impatient wishes. The vessel came in soon after mid-day, but custom-house officials and other matters detained him, so that it was evening before he made his way to Alice Russel's house.

It was Kate's light footstep that came flying down the stairs to meet him. Kate who could hardly restrain herself from throwing welcoming arms about him.

"So you are safe and well at home again," she said, as they stood holding each other's hands for a moment. Then she laughed, "Do sit down. You must be tired."

"No, only glad to be here once more,

my mission so nearly accomplished. For Harry, I am sure, cannot be far off, and his very return shows that he is becoming like himself again. Alive, I do not doubt he is, and well, I hope he soon will be."

"Thank God!" she uttered, fervently.

"But Alice?" he queried.

"Oh! Alice is so much better. Your telegram was like medicine to her. She seems to have such a peaceful assurance now, that Harry will soon be with her again. It is quite wonderful to see it. But she has been to the hospital to-day and is lying down sleeping now. I am afraid I ought to ask you to wait till to-morrow to see her. We had not expected you till then; the steamer is in early."

"Yes," he said, absently.

"You are disappointed," said Kate, a little wistfully; "perhaps I had better call her after all, but I am so anxious to save her strength."

"No, you are quite right, it is of you I was thinking. You were glad to see me back?"

"Glad! So glad I had almost kissed you," she said, half saucily, half blushing.

Paul drew her to him as he stood and looked down into her eyes. "Kate, I love you!"

"Alice!" she whispered.

"Alice is an angel," he said with emotion, "but you are the woman I love."

"O Paul!" she cried, impulsively, "I think you must know how much I care, but I do not want you to deceive yourself. I always used to fancy perhaps it was Alice you loved, and I never can be Alice."

"Perhaps she was a dream of the past," he said, gravely and truthfully, "but you are the sweet present. I have learned to love and appreciate you during all these sad months as I never did, never dreamed of doing before. Be the carefully guarded treasure, the joy, the brightness of my life! Will you, sweetheart? It is the vision that has been my hope all my waking and dreaming hours since we parted."

Tears sprang to her eyes but they were not those of sorrow.

"And how much better I like you than the Frenchman!" she cried, laughing merrily a few moments afterward.

"The Frenchman!" Paul said, mystified.

"Oh! one of my foreign admirers! How do you know I haven't half a dozen?"

"You would if you had your dues," he answered, admiration shining in his eyes.

"Come to-morrow. Come early," she said at parting. "Alice will be so glad. Papa can wait a little."

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### AT LAST.

ON and on plowed the great vessel, cleaving its way through the tossing waves. A man, with a battered hat pulled over his brow, sat in a crouching attitude, his eyes ever fixed before him on the waters, with a steady, fascinated gaze. One and another glanced at him curiously, now and then, some one addressed him, he took no notice. It was a stowaway, who had been discovered when they were nearly two days out at sea. Neither physically nor mentally did he seem equal to the rough work generally required of such unwelcome passengers. His replies to questions were monosyllabic and unsatisfactory, and the settlement of his disposal was left till they reached America.

The clouded intellect was slowly struggling back to its normal condition. Days, weeks, months had slipped by. Mechanically he had risen from miserable couches, eaten wretched food, obeyed the orders of his captors. Now his memory of this recent past was dim and uncertain. All his experiences seemed wrapped around with the mist of dreams. Only one thing stood out clear. Only one thing beckoned him forward. "Alice!" The name had sounded in his ear by chance, waking the buried and benumbed faculties from their long torpor.

"Alice!" It was the beacon light to the shipwrecked mariner. Soul, memory, affections stirred once more, and by the

strange, blue, Italian waters he longed for home. Where he had been, what his experiences, was all dim and indistinct. His name even was lost to him. Papers, yes, he remembered now, he had been in charge of papers. Where were they? Gone! He put his hand in a bewildered way to his forehead. He must have made away with them. He must have fled. Why he could not tell. But this was not his home. He was banished perhaps. Cast out for some uncomprehended wrongdoing of his own from all that had once made life dear and valuable. He brooded long over the thought. No more! No more for him that beautiful past! But Alice? Just once more he must find his way back to gaze upon her face. He would not make himself known, only see her silently and go away to hide a dishonored name forever. Steadily he kept to his purpose, it gave him strength, endurance, capacity he had long lost.

And now at last he was on a vessel homeward bound. In the crowd and bustle of landing he slipped away unnoticed and wandered wearily for hours. He must wait for the night and darkness ere he sought his destination.

Alice Russel slept long and heavily after a day of unusual exertion, but the tide of returning health was visible in her cheeks. The midnight hour sounded. Alice roused and sat up. A strange presentiment oppressed her. It was as if she acted in obedience to the orders of some unseen power, when she arose, threw on a wrapper, and stole silently down-stairs. She threw open the side window quietly, and gazed long into the deserted street.

A man's figure came bowing, crouching almost, along in the shadow of the house. Love, who has a keener insight than thou? In a moment she had slipped the bolt of the door, sprung out and drawn him within the portal. "Harry! My darling! My darling! Thank God! You have come at last." He gazed at her with hungry eyes. Gaunt, famished eyes, for lack of her love and her companionship. She thrust him gently

into a chair, made him lie back and smoothed the hair from his forehead. At last he spoke in a whisper. "I may not stay. I do not understand all, but I cannot bear a dishonored name. If I have wronged my fellows I must go away and hide myself from the light. But—you—I had to come and see you once—just once more."

"You shall never leave me again, dearest. It is some horrible delusion that has taken possession of your mind. Your name is as fair before the world as it has every right to be."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### FINALE.

THAT nine days' wonder, the Russel mystery, was ended at last. It had indeed occasioned more than usual interest, and the excitement and comments thereupon had lasted beyond the ordinary time. Much kindness was felt and expressed for the unfortunate young man who had been so injured. But there were still those, as there always will be in such cases, who continued to shake their heads and expressed the opinion that there was more in the matter than appeared on the surface and to doubt whether explanations fully explained.

Harry Russel's life had been spared and there was a prospect of his complete recovery. The papers, more important than the pecuniary loss, had been restored, and for the money involved the bank as a corporation was the chief sufferer.

Mr. Morton, whose interest in Mrs. Russel had augmented that he already felt in her husband, was rejoiced that his young friend's character had been so satisfactorily cleared and did all in his power to testify his sympathy and friendship.

Joe and his grandfather continued to prosper. The sight of one eye was so completely restored by its treatment at the hospital that the old man's daily life became much more comfortable, and though he still grieved over Ike, there was a certain restfulness in the fact that he could no longer appear to trouble them.

His death had a sobering and somewhat beneficial influence upon Joe. It made the boy realize, as he never had before, the mistake of a wasted life. He applied himself to study, and with Mr. North's kindly interest and assistance gave good promise of doing well in the future. Mr. Cameron by no means approved of Kate's choice, and his wife was the recipient of much grumbling and dissatisfaction.

"Why don't you forbid the match if you dislike it so much?" she would say quietly, well knowing that he would never proceed to such an extreme measure.

"It is all very easy to say that, Clara, but you know very well I should have no peace with Kate if I were to try it. My children unfortunately have strong wills, all of them, and of course I should not wish them to be devoid of character."

"Why don't you like Mr. Deland?"

"I have nothing against him, except a want of deference to me; I almost wish I had. But he seems to me to have very little force. I wanted Kate to marry some distinguished man of wealth and position, and she has thrown herself away on a nobody. Except that she is a little self-willed, Kate is a very fine girl—a very fine girl. I never cared for Harry, and now what is he but a poor, broken-down wreck."

"Oh! well," said Clara, somewhat weary of the subject, "perhaps Dick will do something more satisfactory. It's better," with a little sigh, "for a girl to marry the man she loves."

"Fiddlesticks! It's better for her to show some sense and judgment, such as I may compliment you on doing, my dear. You did not throw yourself away on a nobody. It will be just like Dick to go off and marry somebody I entirely disapprove of. An actress, perhaps. One really gets very little satisfaction out of one's children. I wish we had the French fashion of arranging their marriages for them. All would be better then."

A family party had gathered together at Harry and Alice Russel's to welcome the new member of the circle, Dick's

bride. Some years had elapsed since Harry's painful experiences. He was not as strong as formerly, and the fun and life which had especially characterized him were much subdued. But his mind had entirely recovered its tone under his wife's gentle ministrations.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Paul and Kate, Dick and his bride were all assembled. Harry lay back in his chair, a little apart, an amused smile now and then flitting across his face, while Alice, anxious lest he should be over fatigued, hovered near.

Mr. Cameron was holding forth at some length in regard to a street railway lately put in some place of which he did not approve. Kate hung on her husband's arm, gently restrained by him now and then, from a saucy reply.

"What!" said the elder gentleman, sharply, as his wife made some protest. "Be silent, madam! You really can know nothing of the matter."

"Oh! boo," said Mrs. Dick Cameron, playfully, catching hold of his arm. "Papa, dear, now you've blown off steam enough! You must not be so cross at a wedding party. Come and have a little flirtation with your new daughter-in-law, so as to make Dick jealous. Dick's just like you. I've found it out already. He can be dreadfully peppery if things don't please him. But I'm not afraid of either of you," and she laughed cheerfully.

Mrs. Cameron looked up with some apprehension. Harry's smile broadened as he spoke in a low tone to his wife,

"You will see that lady bird will wind him round her finger."

And instead of the annoyed retort that might have been expected, Mr. Cameron looked down on the wee thing beside him, and his features relaxed into their most amiable expression. Dick's wife was the tiniest of womankind, with soft, shining

hair and sparkling blue eyes. A dainty bit of femininity. And somehow she had won the old gentleman's heart at once. She had not the slightest fear of him, and made fun of, or told him he was cross to his very face, with perfect impunity.

"I really am very much pleased with Adele," Mr. Cameron had admitted. "Dick has made a sensible choice. She is pretty, she's clever, she's well to do. She has a nice little property, if he does not make ducks and drakes of it."

"There never was such a jewel of a girl!" cried Dick, "she's a diamond of the first water. The finest goods come in the smallest packages. Who says I haven't the best wife in the world?" and he twirled his small treasure around like a humming top.

"Or I," said Paul, more quietly, putting his arm around Kate's waist.

"My dear Clara is an example of all the wifely virtues," remarked Mr. Cameron, with a solemn air of unwonted gallantry, as he took her hand, "when she don't contradict," he added, *sotto voce*.

"And Alice," said Harry, rising to his feet, "but for her faith and patience, but for her love and tenderness and care my life would have been an absolute wreck. It is she that has saved me." And he looked at his wife with a world of gratitude and affection shining in his eyes. She gave him one look in return, which said more than words, and with a "Come, Adele, you must go and cut the bride cake," led the way into the other room.

"It is very draughty here," fussed Mr. Cameron, as he followed his daughter-in-law.

"We'll all take a draught of coffee to warm us," chirped Mrs. Dick, by way of response.

THE END.

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"BE like the bird, as to the branch it clings;  
The branch is frail, and 'neath its weight it swings.  
What cares the bird? It watches while it sings—  
Should the branch snap, the bird can ply its wings."—*Selected*.



## A SCHOOL OF FICTION.

BY OUR CRITICS.

The editors of this department will be glad to receive communications and suggestions from those interested in the subject, and to answer questions. All communications should be addressed to Editors of School of Fiction, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE editors of this department have been gratified by receiving the following encouraging communication from Mr. W. S. Walsh, sometime editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, and since then holding important positions on the staff of the New York *Herald* and the *Illustrated American*. As one of our leading literary critics Mr. Walsh's views on this subject are of especial value, and it is pleasant to receive a welcoming word in the new field from him, and to know that the New York *literati* have not captured him to the entire exclusion of the quill-drivers of his native city.

"NEW YORK, December 6th, 1891.

"EDITORS OF A SCHOOL OF FICTION:—

"I was glad to hear of your 'School of Fiction,' and I can readily see that it has an almost unlimited field of usefulness.

"It is a facile truism that brains with pluck and energy behind it is sure to make its way. But it is often difficult to differentiate between pluck and energy and more obstinate self-conceit. This difficulty becomes a peculiarly painful and embarrassing one when the subject in hand is yourself. 'Am I a fool or an unappreciated genius?'

"That is a question which many a despairing author fledgeling might ask himself when his best efforts are persistently returned to him with the heartless 'printed notice.' He is probably neither. His bantlings may have promise; they may even have some performance; with a proper guide and teacher he might come in time to reach the goal of the accepted. But in the interim he is treated with the same chilling courtesy as his

heathen and outcast brother who ignores the very rudiments of grammar and spelling. If he is sensitive and self-distrustful, he may decide that he too is a hopeless outcast, and give up the fight at the very time when victory is almost in his grasp.

"Now your School, as I understand it, will supply just the guide and teacher, which he needs. I wish you good luck.

"Yours truly,

"WM. S. WALSH."

Several other writers have expressed themselves favorably with regard to the usefulness of the School of Fiction; but unfortunately most of these excellent and thoughtful letters are too long to print entire. One correspondent advises the rejection of all MSS. in which impetuous young persons, suddenly, take up their pens and begin to write stories to such purpose that gold flows apace into their coffers. There is a fine touch of sarcasm in this advice to editors, which the writer seasons by remarking that such romances have a bad effect upon the somewhat clever school girl, who naturally resolves to try her "'prentice hand" at a trade that has proved so remunerative to her fictitious sister.

Another correspondent says: "Many an embryo intellectual light has been quenched for the want of a few words to tell him wherein lay the secret of his failure to please.

"They [young writers] need encouragement, and here is where they can find it."

Another writes:

"EDITORS OF SCHOOL OF FICTION,

"DEAR SIR:—By your kindness I have been made aware there is such a Bureau of Charities as a Committee of Critics who preside over rejected MSS., and prescribe remedies, either for the articles or the authors.

"The accompanying story was returned not with the usual formal regret but with a few lines of encouragement. As I had the audacity to send it to one of the most crowded magazines, perhaps this was all that could be expected. I am much interested in the department you have opened, which is sadly needed, and I read with pleasure as well as profit, the criticisms it contains.

"I have always been careful not to write about a place of which I was ignorant. The allusions in my story are correct even to the fine 'Zoo' at Frankfort.

"One of my difficulties is to tell the plot in a bold, strong way. It is so much easier to make my characters do that, and no doubt a situation is sometimes weakened by too much conversation. But, I forgot, you are to tell me my faults, if you please.

"The story is pure fiction. 'Mrs. Bond' is intended for a type, with the wish that you will not spare, but 'cut deep if necessary.'

"I remain very sincerely," etc.

In reply to the above sensible and courteous note, which accompanied the MS. of a love story, we would say that we do not find very much to criticise in this short romance. The scene is laid in Paris, Venice, and in a small town in Switzerland; the characters presented are a man and woman who have passed their first youth; he a United States Army officer; she a widow, still fascinating and handsome.

The situation is one that, next to the infelicities of married couples, most interest the average consumer of fiction; the chance meeting of old-time lovers separated by a series of mutual misunderstandings.

There had been a serious quarrel, after which the young lover, now Captain McB., went off in a pet and engaged himself to a woman whom he did not love; but whom he subsequently married and who conveniently departed this life about the same time as the artistic B., who had married "the only woman that McB. ever loved." Mrs. B., the still

handsome widow, had not married as soon as McB., in fact, not until she found that a union with him was quite out of the question in consequence of his foolish precipitate marriage. Upon what she is pleased to call her "constancy," she plumes herself rather too much to be agreeable, either in real life or in fiction; but in this Mrs. B. is not singular—who has not met a Mrs. B. who was avowedly superior to most of the men with whom she associated, and who was attractive withal, and quite sure, if she happened to be a widow, to marry again? It is a notable fact, that the women who are most severe on the other sex, usually end by marrying one or more of them.

Such being the situation and such the characters represented, there is naturally a fair amount of interest in the story, which is quite pleasantly and naturally told.

For its faults, we would say that there is rather too much explanation of motives. The writer is mistaken in thinking that she is too prone to allow the characters to tell their own story in the course of the conversations related. This is admitted to be the highest dramatic art in fiction. The more the personages of the story explain themselves and the situation, and the less they depend upon the narrator to enlighten the reader, the more interesting the tale, as a rule. Bret Harte, Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Richard Harding Davis give us few explanations regarding the action and motives of their characters. These, we are permitted to decipher for ourselves between the lines, which is one reason why their romances are so attractive and stimulating to the imagination of the reader.

In the MS. in question the characters are sometimes too carefully explained. It is quite evident that Mrs. B.'s allusion to her husband's constancy on page 8 is "a palpable hit," without being informed of the fact.

Of some carelessness and some inaccuracies of diction we would speak, because they mar a MS. that possesses considerable merit. Surely to say that a

woman was not able to "*win*" the heart she had captured is not quite logical; to *hold*, would, we think, convey the idea more felicitously. Again, "the new *fiancée*" whom she found instead of "who she found," as given in the MS.

The correction of these and a few other faults would, in our opinion, render an already readable story worthy of publication in some popular journal or magazine, and in connection with these few suggestions we feel like saying to the author—do not be discouraged.

#### "HIS FIRST LOVE"

Presents in the first few sentences an embarrassment of riches; a huddling together of "summer twilight in a field of tasseled corn," "a full moon, ruby colored in a mist of amethyst," "purple pine woods," croaking frogs, whip-poor-wills, crickets, "young lovers who cared not if the world flew on or wrecked," a shrieking engine, kisses, blisses, and all the rest of it.

The moon continues to shine on throughout the story, but the amethyst mists gradually pale to a dull lead color, and the concluding paragraph gives us to understand that the heroine's life is a "November day, still gray and misty; that dry leaves (of memory?) flutter in the air, and no flowers bloom and no birds sing."

All this because a common-place college boy who went off with the shrieking engine on the first page failed to fulfill his promise at the end of a year.

If the writer, instead of making Rita a dowdy with hair strained back from her face, a poor, pining, withered young woman, had set her to work at something nobler than waiting for a renegade's return, the story would have more interest.

These long-suffering women who lose their hearts at seventeen and bemoan the loss till they are seventy, are the most annoying figures in fiction, and one has only half sympathy with their distress, when some lively young sister clothed in purple and fine linen, with rosy cheeks, high spirits, and fluffy hair, steps in and carries the gay deceiver off in her train.

In these days of activity, where work of one sort or another, lies ready to every woman's hand, we cannot tolerate the sickly sentimentalities of half a century ago. The oak and the ivy have lost their freshness, and Griselda is quite out of fashion.

#### "LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE."

For the benefit of those who may have entertained doubts as to the amiability of our Critics, we wish to state that we have resisted the temptation to impale the author of the "*Tale of Woe*" on our editorial spit, where we might have roasted her before a slow fire and served her with *sauce piquante* to the pupils of the School of Fiction.

In the letter which accompanies her MS., the perpetrator of this literary offense tells us that she "has not written much."

We advise her to write less.

#### "WHICH WAS THE LUNATIC?"

Bears the impress of haste; the manner is careless, not to say slovenly, the matter none of the freshest, yet the author manages to invest her story with some interest.

In other words, she has constructive ability and a trick of twisting impossible incidents into an appearance of possibility.

The heroine of the present tale is a girl of the period without a grain of the reserve which is supposed to be woman's charming attribute. Miss Manning's uncommonly glib tongue gives utterance to her sentiments in a free-and-easy fashion not always in accord with the dramatic situations which she depicts; on the contrary, the reader cannot repress a smile at the idea that this young lady should require a male champion to rescue her from her conventionally wicked guardian, who keeps her in *durance vile* in a "*Silent House*" where the servants are all deaf and dumb.

As for style, it is conspicuous by its absence.

In the first page we have these paragraphs by way of a good beginning:

"This was the most cool room in the house."

"It was about the hour of five, afternoon."

"Tired with my ramble, and overcome by the oppressive heat, I dozed off to sleep."

"He told me he should be engaged out for the remainder of the day."

"He says he will take me to see sights, but he will not."

In relating her experiences the writer frequently lapses from the first into the third person, a mistake which the mere change of pronouns does not always rectify.

#### "WHISPERS OF THE PINES."

There is a hint of Hans Andersen in this little story; such a hint as we might expect in the first attempt of a girl of sixteen who unconsciously reflects in her small way the poetic fancies of a master imagination.

In fact, we are inclined to think the "Whisperings of the Pines" an adaptation of an idea rather than an original composition.

Whatever its source, it is not without good points, and the young author will excuse us if we add that it is not without flaws.

It opens well. That is a very charming touch where "the gay little birds come and rest on the arms" of the young pines who find the forest so dull.

"What?" say the birds, "you think this lovely wood quiet? Why, how can you?"

"Oh!" the little trees answer, "no doubt *you* like it well enough, you can fly around and go where you please, but we!—we must remain here forever."

Again when they are carried away from the dark forest to take part in a Sunday-School Christmas celebration. There in a great city room, bedecked with tinsel and sugared beauties, the little trees become so proud that "they grow two inches."

"My!" whispers one of them, "how lovely we look."

We cannot follow them through the stages of misery which bring them at last

very near to annihilation; enough that they finally have the opportunity to whisper their story to the old pines in their once despised forest home.

The weak passages, the unfinished style of the tale, the too sudden cure of the lame child who has succeeded in nursing two branches of the discarded Christmas trees into a surprisingly rapid growth, these faults, while they are glaring, are curable.

Practice here, if it does not bring perfection, will at least effect a change for the better.

Perhaps the little lady might be warned against giving too free rein to her fancy, which is apt to run away unless the curb is always there to hold it in check.

To tell a simple story as simply as possible—that is the lesson she needs to learn if she would be a real artist.

#### "NED BARTLETT'S BRIDE."

The motive of this little story is certainly excellent. A young wife is described as entering the home of her husband, with her mind full of plans for beautifying and brightening the rather plain house and the monotonous lives of its inmates. Here is an inspiring scheme for a romance of the realistic-domestic order. If properly worked up an interesting and instructive tale might be constructed from this material. As it stands, however, there is too much decorative art and too little narrative. We have here over two thousand words, and nearly every line devoted to the details of house decoration with little or nothing to reveal to us what manner of men and women move through the story. There is really only one man who is at all prominent in the narrative, and he is too quiet to be *very* prominent, presumably suppressed by his young wife's wild rage for decorative effects. All that we are able to gather with regard to the personages of the tale is that June, the bride, is a most energetic executive creature, that the husband is of the patient and biddable sort, that one occasionally encounters outside the pages of fiction, also that the son's rare quality of patience is inherited from no



stranger, as his mother is the most enduring of her sex. To see her whole establishment turned topsy-turvy by a city-bred daughter-in-law certainly required patience akin to that of Job. It was all very well to modernize the parlor and dining-room; but when the youthful vandal entered the inner sanctum of the old lady's room, during a short absence, and bedizened it with scarfs and splashers, we naturally expect a lively demonstration on the part of the mother-in-law—an unexpected return in the midst of the renovating process, and a hasty ejection of all June's decorative trash from the window. In this, alas! we are disappointed, as the patient householder again meekly submits. Even the kitchen, a sacred and traditional spot to the old-time housekeeper, was not allowed to escape the fine fury of this youthful decorator. The details of the process in this department are not given; but we

do not doubt that June tied a yellow ribbon on the handle of the potato-masher, and looped back the dresser-curtains with bows of the same color.

In the midst of all these frivolities, it is pleasant to learn that June and her sister-in-law formed a literary club, although the writer cannot spare time from decorative details to tell us what studies were pursued or what books read.

This story might find a place in some periodical devoted to home decoration; but even for such a purpose the style and construction would require some correction, as, for instance, in the following sentence: "A large commodious bookcase of oak was varnished over *so it* presented a very good appearance, etc." Large and commodious give too nearly the same idea to be used in describing the same object, and so that it *presented* instead of "*so it presented*" would convey the idea more correctly.

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## DOST THOU THINK OF ME OFTEN?

BY STUART STERNE.

"DOST thou think of me often, my friend, my Love,  
More dear than the earth, and the stars above?  
Morning and evening, by night and by day,  
Weeping or laughing, at work or at play,—  
Dost thou think of me often, as I of thee?  
Oh! hasten, my Love, and answer me!"

"Do I think of thee often, by night and day,  
Weeping or laughing, at work or at play?  
—Nay, that in good truth, I could not say!  
But come, do not frown,  
Rather close bend down  
Thy head right here,  
And let me whisper into thy ear!—  
Morning and evening, by night and by day,  
Weeping or laughing, at work or at play,  
Awake or asleep,—  
The thought of thee lies as close and deep  
As the breath of my life, the throb of my heart,  
Of my innermost being grown a part,—  
I do not think of thee oft, for see  
Thou art never one instant divided from me!—  
Ah, my Beloved, dost understand?  
And now wilt thou smile and give me thy hand?"

—*New England Magazine.*

## OLD MERE PENSAL.

BY ELEANOR B. CALDWELL.

"HE who made that cross will never make another." That was what the peasants said as they passed Mère Pensai's cross.

The cross stood at the top of a hill at the beginning of what the people of Auvers called "the plain." Below the

served for a *prie-dieu*, and there was another large stone near by, monumental in form. That marked a sudden death which I shall speak of presently. But the cross was just a place for the peasants to say a passing prayer, a prayer for the blessing of the crop, perhaps, or thankfulness for the successful upspringing of the grain among which it had been planted.

No one remembered when the first cross had been placed there. They were always of wood, and, of course, could stand the wear of but a certain number of years. So, as one, with its burden of petitions, sank into the soil, enriching it, we may believe, as no common unsancti-

fied wood, some peasant of pious and responsible mind would put up a new one of like pattern, simple and rude enough, scarcely more than two sticks laid over one another with a slight turn at the ends for ornament. There was generally something in the way of flowers hung at the joining of the arms, especially in summer when poppies and corn-flowers were among the grain.

This present cross had gained the name of Mère Pensai's in a peculiar way. Although, in fact, she had placed it there, that matter of donation had never

given the name of the donor. But Mère Pensai had another claim upon it, a claim which was of sorrow. "He who made that cross will never make another." It was her friends and neighbors who thought that, not Mère Pensai. She came every day, wet or fair, not deterred by the most severe of winter weather, to put forth a petition for the safe return of the one who fashioned this cross. It was



town lay in a kind of valley, but here the land spread out flat and was full of waving grain fields, some green, some ripe and yellow; and also great patches of potatoes, with trees beyond, and then the distant hills.

Mère Pensai's cross was on the side of the road; it was of wood, and rather beaten and worn by the weather. Beneath was a large oblong stone which

Jean Pensai, her "dear little son," as she called him, though, in fact, Jean was a remarkably big fellow.

It was three years now since she had seen her son, neither had she heard from him, and so the people had begun to pass the cross, thinking, "Poor Jean, he will never make another."

I spoke of a stone which stood near the cross. This stone had been placed by Mère Pensai also. It was upon the spot where Pierre Pensai, the husband of Mère, one hot day in August, fell down from a stroke of the sun, and breathed his last. Jean was a full-grown lad at the time, and had learned the trade of carpenter, so the mother did not come to want—she was only grieved. And they set the stone to mark this spot. Jean did it with his own hands. Many a prayer for the repose of Pierre's soul was there muttered by those who passed that way. That was the first of the heavy sorrows of Mère Pensai.

Jean was always good, and strong, and silent, and Babette, his sister, grew into the prettiest thing you might see in, a long life. Her eyes were dark, and her cheeks had a sweet bloom, but that is only hinting at how she looked at seventeen. Mère Pensai and Jean thought only of doing for her, they were very proud of Babette. She was the child of Mère Pensai's old age, and, poor little one, she was the cause of its second sorrow.

There were many young artists coming to Auvers during the summer season. It was the home of the two Daubignies, father and son. Babette loved one of these artists; and he said that he loved her. But Mère Pensai said, "'Tis only for now." However, they were married, married in the old stone church of Auvers, and then they went away. They went to a strange place, it was but a name to Mère Pensai, that was to Africa, into the heart of Africa. "I wish to paint something new and strange," said Babette's husband.

It was then that Mère Pensai put up the cross. Jean made it, and they went up one twilight and exchanged it for the old one, ready to fall. They joined

hands under the darkening sky, with a prayer for Babette.

It was one year after, that the Auvers' post brought a letter addressed to Jean Pensai. It read:

"Come to me, Jean.

"BABETTE."

And Jean went. Jean, who had never even been down to Paris in all his life, went to Africa to find Babette.

That was two years ago now, and Mère Pensai had not heard from Jean and Babette. But she did not expect to hear, she waited the return of her "dear little son."

She lived alone in her bit of a house, and managed to get along upon what Jean had been able to leave her, and the occasional chance of work outside. The work had to be of a desultory kind for old Mère Pensai. Sometimes it was to sit as the model for an artist. There was capital in her fine old peasant face and bright color, red and brown. Sometimes it was to nurse the children of a neighbor, of higher station, whom accident had left without a maid. This she liked best, she thought of Babette when the strange little one was in her arms. But whatever she had to do, Mère Pensai kept cheerful. If she had great fears in regard to her children, no one knew them. However, she had the daily visit to the cross, upon the plain, and she could speak of them there. Upon a bright day that was where she liked to nurse her babies; no wonder the cross was named Mère Pensai's.

One warm afternoon in July she was sitting by it, a baby held tenderly in her old arms, though her thoughts were not upon the child. Her eyes were solemn and devoted, and her lips moved. One might have heard the words, "Mary, holy Mother!" then "my little son," and then, "Babette." The tears stood in Mère Pensai's eyes when she prayed for Babette, but she wiped them away as some peasants passed and stopped by the cherry trees opposite, saying, "It is a warm day, these cherries are cooling." Only a short time before they had chased away some urchins who were regaling

themselves, crying after them, "It is against the law! the *garde-champêtre* will be after you!" They chattered with Mère Pensai awhile, then went back to their work.

Presently a man came up the hill, up the road and out of the trees. He was very pale and thin, and looked as though he had been through much hardship. By

his side was a child of two years. He was plump and well, his cheeks were very red, and his eyes very dark.

The man stopped before Mère Pensai. He said, "My mother!" Mère Pensai said, "My poor little son! \* \* \* and Babette?"

"This is all," Jean replied, and he gave Mère Pensai the boy.

#### TIME AND CHANGE.

'TIS not that she is grown less fair,  
'Tis not that other maids eclipse  
The winsome sweetness of her hair  
And lips.

'Tis not that Fortune's cruel smile  
Has shone on her and cast a shade  
Upon the modest little pile  
I've made.

'Tis not ambition makes her scorn  
A set of rooms in Peckham Rye,  
Heroes in just such homes are born  
And die.

No mother's icy looks appal,  
No father's menace holds me back,  
They always welcome me and call  
Me Jack.

'Tis not, I swear, thrice-hideous thought!  
That I am fickle, false, or cold,  
As soon might truth itself he bought  
And sold.

'Tis simply Time's insidious hand  
Has sapped her empire in my heart,  
And dulled alike Love's raptures and  
His smart.

It's idle to pretend I pine,  
And say my mirth is sorrow's cloak,  
When with such zest I daily dine  
And smoke.

So then since Time has put an end  
To dreams that made my pulses stir,  
I hope he's proved as kind a friend  
To her.—*Cornhill Magazine.*



## FLOWERS: IN-DOORS AND OUT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

### HINTS FOR MARCH.

ALL plants in the home window-garden ought to be doing their best at this season. In February they should get a good start, and March should see many of them in bloom, especially Geraniums, Heliotropes, Lantanas, and some of the earlier Fuchsias.

Be careful about watering. By that I mean, be sure to give enough, but not too much. Growing plants will require more than plants that are at a standstill always, and especially at a season when their growth is very active, as it should be at this time of the year. But the careful amateur will watch things and be sure that no plant is getting more than it can make use of. This can be told by frequently turning the ball of earth in which a plant is growing out of its pot, and examining its condition. Do this a day or two after having watered it, or about the time you think it may be needing more. If it is moist all through—not simply moistened on top but dry at the bottom—you may be pretty sure that you are giving about the right amount of water. But if it is dry at the bottom you may be equally sure that you are not giving water enough. It is hard to tell which is the worst practice—giving too much water or not enough. Too much water at the roots induces disease by bringing on decay of the roots, while too little kills the tender young rootlets which must have a moist soil to reach out in if you expect them to do well. This advice is repeated month after month, and it would seem as if it had been said times enough to make it unnecessary to repeat it again, but every day some one writes about trouble with plants which is directly traceable to one or the other of these causes. It would seem as if amateurs were bent on ignoring some of the most important rules which should govern them in their care of plants, simply because they are so very simple. Because of their

simplicity they seem to think them of little account, but in this they are very much at fault. The amateur who would be successful, and the real lover of flowers wants to be that or nothing, cannot afford to ignore these things. If he does he must expect failure.

If you have not repotted your plants and there is reason to think the fertility of the soil is pretty well exhausted from the plants having been growing in it for some time, apply some such fertilizer as Bowker's Food for Flowers, which is really a food, not simply a stimulant, as so many of the preparations used for this purpose are. It can be dug in about the roots of the plants with a fork or a stick, and the water will take it to the roots below the surface and in a short time you will notice an improvement in the appearance of the plant if it has been in need of more nutriment. The foliage will take on a darker color and a more luxuriant development, and as soon as flowers appear they will show by their size and color what this fertilizer can do for pot-plants. It is clean, inodorous, cheap, and something the growers of plants in towns and cities can easily obtain. I prefer it to barnyard manures for nearly all plants, because these manures breed worms, but the Food for Flowers never does.

Be sure to give your plants such support as they need at the time when it is needed. Many plants of slender habit of growth are injured by neglect of this kind, when it becomes necessary to move them. A stick set in the centre of the pot is generally all that will be found necessary. No plant should be tied rigidly to it if you want it to look well. Simply tie it so that it will not fall over, and this can be done by tying loosely. Such a support is much more convenient in the window than a trellis, which takes up a good deal of room, and is generally quite as effective, unless for vines, which I

would train about the window over a wire frame.

#### PLANTS FOR THE SUMMER GARDEN.

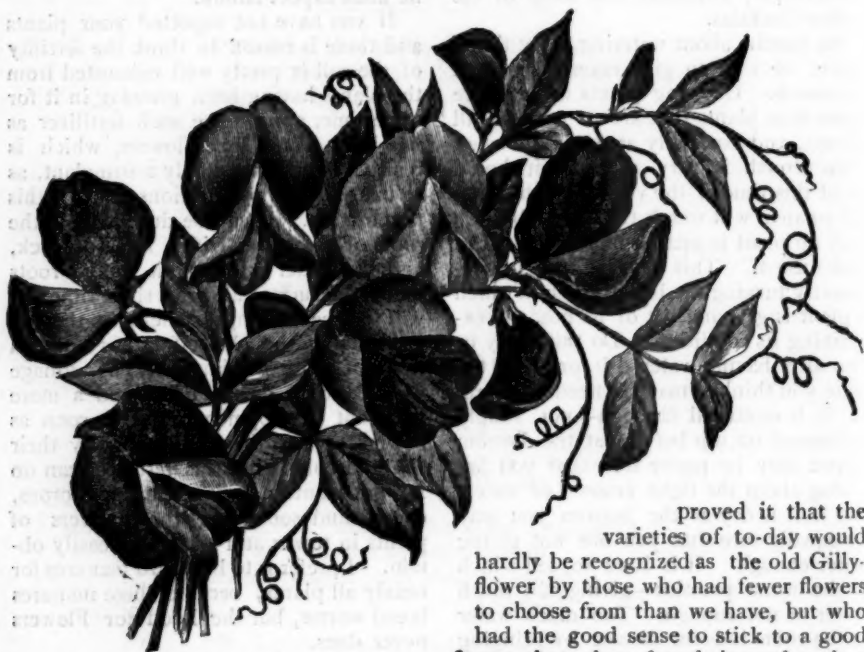
Most women who have to take care of their own garden want those flowers which require least care, and give the greatest amount of bloom.

Below I give a list, with brief description, of those best adapted for the amateur's garden because of their vigorous

ble in rows, covering the seed to a depth of five or six inches. Whoever fails to include this very popular flower in her list of plants for next summer's garden will make a serious mistake.

#### TEN-WEEK STOCK.

This plant is what our grandmothers knew as Gillyflower. That is, the varieties they cultivated were known under that name, but our florists have so im-



SWEET PEAS.

habit, freedom of bloom, and real beauty. Not one poor flower is included in the list.

#### SWEET PEAS.

One of our very best annuals. A climber, suitable for training over bushes or on a trellis. Excellent for a hedge. Colors—pink, crimson, blue, white, purple, and lilac—two or more of these colors being blended in most of the varieties. Of the most delightful fragrance. Extremely valuable for cutting. Should be sowed as early in the spring as possi-

proved it that the varieties of to-day would hardly be recognized as the old Gillyflower by those who had fewer flowers to choose from than we have, but who had the good sense to stick to a good flower when they found it, rather than being on the lookout for "novelties" constantly, as so many of the present day are. It is a late-flowering plant—that is, its best flowers are given late in the season, after the heat of midsummer is past. It continues to bloom until cold weather comes, and is therefore of great value in the fall after tenderer flowers have succumbed to frost. It comes in rose, purple, red, lilac, pale-yellow, and white. Its flowers are borne in long spikes. It has a pleasing, spicy fragrance, and is excellent for cutting. Some plants will give single flowers. These should be

pulled up as soon as it is seen what kind of flowers they are going to have.

NASTURTIUMS.

We have few flowers better adapted for making a brilliant show than the Nasturtium. Its foliage is of a pale green, produced very plentifully, and most varieties have flowers of the most intense crimson and maroon which are displayed against the leaves very effectively. Some varieties are a rich yellow, while others are a pale cream of sulphur, often marked with darker colors. This flower is extremely useful for cutting. It has a pungent, spicy odor which is decidedly refreshing after inhaling some of the sickly-sweet odors of the garden. Some varieties are tall growers; these should be given some kind of a support. Others are dwarf in habit, and form a compact mass of foliage and flowers, and are therefore well adapted for bedding.

PHLOX.

For brilliance of color and a brave show, no plant excels the annual Phlox. It comes into bloom early in the season, and continues to bloom till frost, if it is prevented from forming seed. There are many varieties, all good, but the two best are the white, and rose-colored. These combine beautifully in beds, and I would advise buying no others, unless you have a large garden and plenty of money to furnish it. If packages of mixed seed are bought, you will be likely to get plants bearing flowers whose colors do not harmonize well. On this account, I would caution you against getting such seed.

PETUNIAS.

As free blooming as any plant we have, and continuing to flower till hard frosts come. Colors—white, pink, magenta, lilac, crimson, and mauve. Some sorts variegated, others striped and veined with contrasting colors. Fragrant

and excellent for bedding, if kept cut back so that they cannot straggle.

POPPIES.

Those who love old-fashioned flowers



TEN-WEEK STOCK.

will be glad to know that another of the long-neglected ones has begun to receive the attention which it ought never to have lost. While most Poppies are somewhat

coarse in habit, their extreme brilliancy of color, profusion of bloom, and the ease with which they are grown commends them to all. A package of seed of the best kinds will furnish you a grand display throughout the summer. The great double ones, with fringed petals are quite as fine as herbaceous Peonies, and almost as large, while the single ones have a richness and intensity of color, that



NASTURTIUMS.

makes them of great value where color effects are desired. Plant them among the shrubs, and in the border, and let their vivid hues show off against the taller growing plants and evergreens.

## MARIGOLDS.

In writing this article, and referring to the most desirable annuals, I am reminded of the fact that the old prime favorites of years ago are to-day among our most popular flowers. Sweet Peas, Balsams, Nasturtiums, Stock, Poppies, Marigolds. Most of us who can remember back a score or more of years can recall them as they grew in the old gardens. For a time they were neglected, —crowded out of sight by newer candidates for favor. But merit wins, always,

I think, and after a little people saw that their pretentious rivals were inferior to those they endeavored to supplant, and now the tide has turned, and we are glad to welcome the dear old flowers which we ought to be heartily ashamed of having turned our backs on. But they are forgiving creatures, and they bloom as brightly for us as if we had always remained loyal to them. But this is a digression, isn't it? I wanted to say that the Marigold is a grand flower for lighting up a garden bed. We have but few really good yellow flowers. This is one of the best. The large double sorts, when planted close, give a solid mass of yellow which is very effective. The "Velvet" kinds are smaller, but richer, because of the velvety texture of their petals. These are excellent for cutting.

## CALLIOPSIS.

This is generally classed among the yellow flowers, but in most varieties yellow and maroon are about equally divided. It is a charming flower, because of its airy, graceful habit. Its blossoms are held well above the foliage on slender stalks, and they nod and dance in every breeze like butterflies. Very useful for cutting. Excellent for the centre of a bed.

## PANSIES.

I am aware that these flowers do not belong among the annuals, but since they give flowers the first year from seed, if sown early, I include them here, as every garden ought to have them. I presume this is our most popular flower, and certainly we have nothing richer in color, finer in fragrance, or more varied in its markings. Look over a large bed of them and you will hardly find two exactly alike in all respects. They have more individuality than any other flower on this account. Seedlings will give a good crop of flowers late in fall. If covered with straw, leaves, or evergreen branches, the young plants will winter safely, and give another crop of flowers during the spring and early summer months. By all means have some Pansies. You will want them to look at as they grow in their garden beds. You will



want them to cut from for the button-hole or corsage. You will be glad that you have them when some friend comes along to whom you would like to give a little bouquet of really choice flowers. They will be a delight at any and all times. No garden is what it ought to be without some Pansies in it, and the more the better.

## SWEET ALYSSUM.

This is another fragrant plant, useful for cutting, and also good for edging beds. It has pure white flowers, which show to good advantage against the grass, when used as an edging for beds cut in the sward of the lawn.

In order to grow annuals well, they must be given a mellow soil, and most of



PANSIES.

## MIGNONETTE.

Of course you want some of this modest flower for fragrance. While it is not showy enough to be grown for its flowers, it has a quakerish beauty which makes it valuable in a bouquet, while its rich odor renders it invaluable. I would scatter seed along the walks, here and there in nooks and corners, and out-of-the-way places, so that one could seem to happen on it, in walks about the garden. It is good for edging.

them do best in a rich one. The Nasturtium is an exception to this rule. They must be kept free from weeds. No plant can do well if it has to fight for its living, as it will if weeds are allowed to occupy the bed with it. Indeed, weeds, if allowed to grow among flowers, will, in a short time, starve them, as they are greedy things, and draw all the nutriment from the soil. In dry seasons water them at evening, never in the morning. Why? Because, if water is

given at night the soil takes it in and it gets down to the roots of the plants before the sun has an opportunity to get at it. But if given in the morning the sun causes it to evaporate so rapidly that the soil cannot retain it, or, at least, but a trifle of it, and the roots fail to get any benefit from it, unless given in great quantities. Do not apply with a sprinkler, but use a watering-pot with a spout that you can put down close to a plant. Pour out the water there, rather than sprinkle it over all the bed in a thin shower. In this way you economize water, and get it just where it is needed, and in sufficient quantity to be of benefit. Stir the soil and keep it open and mellow, and it will not dry out as rapidly as if allowed to form a crust on its surface.

I am reminded by a reference to my note-book that I omitted one of the best and most desirable flowers on the whole list, the Aster. This flower is as beautiful as the popular Chrysanthemum, and comes in almost as large a variety of

colors. It gives a grand show of color at a season when almost all other flowers have ceased to bloom. The Chrysanthemum is the Queen of Autumn, they tell us, but it ought to share the honor thus conferred with the Aster. We have no flower of easier cultivation. It comes in extremely rich colors, and should be planted among other annuals to give beauty to the beds after they have passed their prime.

If you want annuals to give a steady succession of flowers you must cut off the old flowers as soon as they begin to fade. If you allow seed to form and develop, you will get but few flowers, as the plants will bend all their energies to that end. Cut off the seed-vessels as soon as discovered, or prevent them from forming, and straightway the plants will make another attempt to produce seed by which to perpetuate themselves, and, of course, this obliges them to form new flowers. This is the philosophy of cutting off fading flowers, which so many fail to fully understand.

## SIGNS OF SPRING.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

**S**OUND of gusty driving rain  
When we wake at midnight hour,  
Ice-tipp'd branches on the pane  
Beating music to the show'r.

Crows that caw from steaming woods,  
Robins piping in the glades,  
Buds that from their winter hoods  
Peep and blush like pretty maids.

Grateful odors of damp earth.  
Boist'rous glee of ruddy rills,  
Shouting, brawling, in their mirth,  
Down the bare flanks of the hills.

Here and there a crocus' head  
Thrusting up to dare the cold,  
While its sisters, warm in bed,  
Stir their coverlids of mold.

Spring is coming; spring is near;  
She is whispered in the air.

Soon the blithe nymph will be here,  
Shaking blossoms from her hair.—*Harper's Bazar.*



## COLUMBUS AND HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

BY JEAN PAUL LEFTWICH.

**W**HILE Spain and the United States are making preparations to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, it is natural that a renewed interest should be felt in the life of Christopher Columbus himself. It is much to be regretted that the most careful research has revealed so little about his early years; but his success, like that of many other great men, was not the result of unusual advantages in his youth. His parents, Domenico and Fontanarossa Colombo—Colombo being the Italian form of Columbus—were citizens of the Republic of Genoa, and were people in humble life. His father earned a support for his family by wool-combing. Christopher, the eldest of four children, three sons and one daughter, was born in the year 1435 or 36. It seems strange that we do not know with absolute certainty where he was born. After his death, a number of towns claimed the honor of his birth; but when the matter was investigated in 1812 by three commissioners, appointed for the purpose by the Academy of Science and Letters, of Genoa, all the evidence went to show that Genoa was his birthplace. Columbus, himself, in one clause of his will, says he was "born in Genoa, and came from thence." The rivalry of the Italian towns over Columbus reminds us of what has been said of Homer:

"Seven cities claimed a Homer dead  
Through which a living Homer begged his bread."

None of the places that claimed Columbus dead gave him any aid or encouragement while living.

After he became famous, noble families, too, were willing to own him as a descendant; and his son and biographer, Fernando, went to Italy to investigate his father's lineage, but found he could not establish any illustrious descent for his family. In speaking of the matter, he remarks that he thought he would derive more honor from being the son of such a father than from any nobility of ancestry.

We find the early education of Columbus was not neglected. While quite young, he made creditable progress in the elementary branches of knowledge, becoming unusually proficient in the art of writing, which was a rare accomplishment in that age. Later he showed considerable aptitude for drawing and design. He also studied the Latin language; and as he was deeply interested in the shape, form, and size of the earth, he showed a special fondness for geography. This combined with an intense love of the sea made him decide to become a sailor. His parents wishing to fit him for his chosen occupation, sent him when he was only fourteen years of age to the University of Pavia, where he studied Astrology, Navigation, and Geometry. The time he stayed there was short; for he, himself, says that at fourteen he entered upon a seafaring life. But after he left Pavia, his love of knowledge stimulated him to continue to study the sciences necessary to success in his calling till he had mastered them.

In the fifteenth century, various circumstances existed which rendered maritime

life on the Mediterranean full of peril. Italy was divided into a number of petty States that almost continually waged war with each other, each fearing the other would gain the supremacy. These contentions produced a very disorderly state of affairs; the confusion was greatly increased by swarms of piratical hordes, ever ready to attack every merchant vessel while on its way from one port to another. These pirates were so little restrained by any fear of law that robbery was considered a dangerous but almost legitimate calling.

Columbus had two distant relatives—uncle and nephew—who bore the family name and who were carrying on various enterprises on the Mediterranean. He made his first voyage with the elder of these relatives, who was, himself, a man of distinction, as he had been ranked an Admiral by the Genoese government. No particulars of this period of Columbus's life have come down to us; but we know it must have been full of peril and adventure.

We next catch a glimpse of him when he was about twenty-three years old. In 1459, we find him serving again under his elder relative in an expedition inaugurated by the Duke of Calabria for the purpose of regaining the crown of Naples for his father. The attempt proved a failure; but it gave Columbus an opportunity to exhibit his soldierly character, and to show that, even at an early age, he had the skill and wisdom of a leader. These qualities were recognized in him during the contest; for he was appointed to command an expedition that was sent on a mission of danger.

We now lose sight of Columbus again for some years, though there is evidence to show he was engaged in some of the various forms of seafaring life. One romantic event of his life during this period is narrated in graphic language by his son, Fernando. This is the part he bore in a piratical attempt his younger relative made to capture off the coast of Portugal four galleys rich in merchandise from Flanders. The galleys made a stubborn fight, and one of them was fired by hand grenades. It communicated its

flames to the ship Columbus was in; and he was forced to cast himself into the sea for safety. He seized an oar as it drifted by, and with its aid swam two full leagues to the shores of Portugal.

In 1470, Columbus took up his residence in Lisbon, attracted there by the fame of Prince Henry, who was much interested in explorations and who, in consequence, gave great encouragement to navigators. The Prince had long cherished the hope that he could circumnavigate Africa, and thus open a more direct route to the marts of India than the expensive one then known across Asia and through the Mediterranean Sea. By doing this, he hoped to ensure great commercial success to his country. He lived till 1470—long enough to see the boldness of the Portuguese in making discoveries the wonder of the world; but he died without attaining his aim. Alphonso, his successor, was not endowed in any high degree with the spirit of enterprise; and he did but little toward carrying out the charge Prince Henry had left, when dying, to his countrymen to prosecute his great design. But when John II ascended the throne, interest in discoveries was at once revived; and the new route to India again became the object for which Portuguese navigators searched the unknown seas. Such an enterprise naturally excited the interest of Columbus; and not long after his arrival in Lisbon, we find him studying to acquaint himself with the plans and routes of the Portuguese from the papers of Perestrelo, a famous navigator under Prince Henry, whose daughter, Dona Felipa, he had married. As early as 1474, he had conceived the idea of sailing west to reach India, and was corresponding in regard to the matter with Toscanelli, one of the most scientific men of Italy, who sent him a map constructed partly from information derived from Ptolemy and partly from descriptions of Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler. Upon this map, the eastern coast of Asia was placed opposite the western coast of Europe and Africa, between which were the islands, Cipango and Antilla.



Columbus believed the earth was round. This as well as statements made by ancient writers and traditions of undiscovered islands strengthened him in his conviction that there really were unknown western lands. As he gazed on the watery expanse, he longed to know what lay beyond it. He went and dwelt for a time on Porto Santo, an island on the very out-post of discovery, and talked with Pedro Correa, his wife's brother-in-law, to find what the sea had brought from the west. He learned that pieces of driftwood, carved but not with an iron instrument, large reeds, such as Ptolemy described as growing in India, and the bodies of two men of an unknown race had, among other things, come from somewhere in the west. Thus the mind of Columbus evolved the idea that there was land to the west, and that it could be reached by sailing in that direction. When once this theory had become settled in his mind, his opinion in regard to it never wavered. If he spoke of it, he did so with certainty. It was no longer a matter of doubt. His deep religious nature made him believe he had been commissioned to bear the light of the gospel to the heathen who dwelt in that undiscovered country; and nothing could divert him from that end. He set himself to work to carry out his great purpose.

Soon after the astrolabe had come into use, Columbus tried to get the crown of Portugal to aid him in a voyage of discovery; but his theories were regarded as the vagaries of a fanatic. In 1484, he left Lisbon; and for a year he disappeared from view; but during this time, it is said he appealed for help to the governments of Genoa and Venice, but without success. Nothing daunted, however, he sought the court of Spain, and, in 1486, appeared before Ferdinand and Isabella to ask assistance. For six years he was kept in suspense, and then his proposition was rejected; but, as he was about to leave Spain, Queen Isabella recalled him to hear the glad tidings that, for her own crown of Castile, she would undertake the enterprise. Thus to Isabella and not to Ferdinand belongs the

honor of sending the first voyager across the pathless sea.

The agreement with Columbus was signed by Ferdinand and Isabella on the 17th of April, 1492. Various difficulties in regard to equipping the expedition had yet to be met. These were gradually overcome, however, and by the 1st of August, the three vessels which had been promised to Columbus were ready for the voyage. Only the largest, the "Santa Maria," which Columbus commanded, was decked. The other two were called caravels, and were similar to modern coasting crafts. The largest caravel, the "Pinta," was commanded by Martin Pinzon, and the other, the little "Nina," by his brother, Vicente Pinzon. Finally on the 3d of August, all who were to embark on the enterprise partook of the holy communion; and the expedition set sail from Palos.

Deep joy filled the heart of Columbus, and nothing marred his exultation save the feeling that he did not have the sympathy and confidence of his men. On the third day after his departure, he discovered that the "Pinta" was in an unseaworthy condition, and that her rudder was broken.

This caused him to stop at the Canary Islands, which lay in his route, to obtain, if possible, another vessel. Not being able to do this, he was compelled to remain several weeks to have the "Pinta" repaired. While there the sailors were alarmed by an eruption of Mt. Teneriffe; but Columbus allayed their fears in a measure by explaining to them what was then known of volcanoes.

Once more, on the 6th of September, the expedition weighed anchor; and, three days later as the western shores of the Canaries began to pass out of sight, the sailors became very low spirited. No mariner had ever before set out upon such a perilous voyage; and the broad expanse of untried seas made the bravest hearts afraid. Columbus, thinking the uneasiness of his men would be greatly increased if they knew how far from Europe they were really going, entered each day in the log-book, which was open for inspection, a smaller number of

leagues than the ships had actually sailed. He felt compelled to do this in order to quiet his unruly men; but he kept for his own guidance a private record which gave the true reckoning.

Two causes of alarm soon aroused the fears of the men—the variation of the magnetic needle, now for the first time observed, and the trade winds, which wafted them constantly to the west. Still they were encouraged by the sight of birds and by weeds and plants floating on the water. After the middle of September the sailors grew hopeful that land was near; and a pension of thirty crowns offered by the King and Queen to the sailor who first saw land, increased the desire each one naturally felt to make the discovery. A flight of birds to the north on the 18th made Martin Pinzon think they should sail in that direction; but Columbus refused to alter his course. On the 25th of September the "Pinta" signalled land; and two weeks later the "Nina" did the same. In both instances clouds floating low on the horizon had been taken for the outline of some shore. During this time, indications of land to the southwest had increased so fast that Columbus decided to sail in that direction; and, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of October he held to that course. As the little squadron advanced, these evidences grew stronger; but still no land was in sight; and the men, worn out with long expectation and many disappointments, demanded, when the night of October 10th settled down upon a waste of waters, that they should be allowed to retrace their way across the sea. But their commander was firm in his determination to press onward; and the next day all doubts in regard to land vanished, as berries upon a bough of thorn, a reed, and, finally, a staff, fashioned and carved by human hands, were borne by the waves in sight of the weary mariners. When night again came on sleep departed from every eye; and eagerly the men peered into the darkness till the break of day. Before midnight Columbus, thinking he saw a light, called upon a sailor to confirm this lest he should be deceived. Later in the night

the light was seen again and appeared to move. At two o'clock on the morning of the 12th of October, the signal-gun of the "Pinta" announced to the little fleet that land was discovered. This time it was no delusion, to pass away like the shades of night before the rising sun: for an island several leagues in length of spring-like verdure rose above the surface of the water.

Columbus lost no time in landing, and, with his men around him, was soon standing upon the shores of a new world—destined to be far greater than the India he had come to seek; and in the joy of his discovery he felt repaid for all the difficulties he had experienced. If his vision could have penetrated the future, he would have seen a mighty people cherishing his name in a prosperous land, whose possibilities are more clearly revealed with each succeeding year. The sailors, after long weeks of uncertainty and dread, as they gazed on the placid ocean, feared it no longer; for the secret, locked for ages in its briny bosom, had been wrested from it by the will and courage of their leader, to whom they were now willing to render all obedience and honor.

### MARCH.

BY LOUISE R. BAKER.

"SNOWING and blowing, blowing  
and snowing;  
Whistled the March winds loud and  
shrill!  
There's a world all white and a world all  
green,  
And we marvel at purity, marvel at  
sheen,  
With a hush at the heart and a thrill.  
So whistle and whistle and blow and  
blow,  
'Tis a moan of wind and a gust of snow,  
'Tis a rumble of branches, of twigs a  
crash,  
'Tis a roll of clouds and a glorious  
flash,  
'Tis a little old nest tumbled down in  
the snow  
Where a robin lived happily long ago.

Singing and swinging, swinging and singing ;

Four little birdies are lulled to sleep ;  
While over the boughs of the blossoming tree

Night winds are waving light and free,  
And the shadows of evening creep.

Oh ! whistle and whistle, and blow and blow !

'Tis only a dream with its murmuring low,

With its breath of spring-time and touch of love,

Its mystic song and its leafy grove ;

For here is the nest tumbled down in the snow,

A quaint little nest builded ages ago.

#### ANSWERS TO DECEMBER'S QUESTIONS.

21. Q. When and where was George Washington born ?

21. A. February 22d, 1732, Pope's Creek, Va.

22. Q. What mission was he sent on in 1753 ?

22. A. There was no distinct boundary line between the French and English possessions in America, and many disputes had been caused by the French occupying and fortifying land which the English claimed. The governor of Virginia sent George Washington, then twenty-one years of age, to forbid the French trespassing on territory he claimed was English.

23. Q. When, where, and by whom was Fort Duquesne built ?

23. A. By Washington's advice the English began a fort where Pittsburgh, Pa., now stands, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, but it was captured and finished by the French, who called it Fort Duquesne, 1754.

24. Q. What were the chief events of the French and Indian war ?

24. A. Braddock's defeat near Fort Duquesne, 1755 ; capture of Fort William Henry by General Montcalm, 1757, and massacre of the English garrison by Indians. Recapture of Fort Duquesne, 1758. English take Quebec, 1759.

25. Q. Who were Wolfe and Montcalm, and why are they celebrated ?

25. A. Wolfe was the English commander at the capture of Quebec, and Montcalm the French general. Wolfe is celebrated for his bravery and his daring and successful attack on the city by a narrow path running up the face of the cliff. He led his men up by this and surprised the garrison, who had imagined this pass impossible for an army to ascend. Montcalm is celebrated for his great bravery. Both fell at Quebec. The English in this war were completely victorious.

26. Q. Who was Benjamin Franklin, and what discovery did he make ?

26. A. The son of a tallow chandler, he made the discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity. He was one of the most influential of American citizens, an ardent patriot and a great statesman.

27. Q. What difficulties did the colonists have with their governors ?

27. A. Many of the governors were men whose sole aim was to enrich themselves and deprive the people of their rights, and there was a constant friction between the people and the governors.

28. Q. What was the Stamp Act and its results ?

28. A. 1765 Parliament required that every contract, deed, bond, will, note, lease, etc., also every pamphlet, almanac, and newspaper should bear a stamp. The price of these stamps ranged from a half-penny to £6. The stamps sent over were either seized and destroyed, or prevented from being landed. The Stamp Act was repealed in 1766.

29. Q. What was the Boston massacre ?

29. A. British troops had been stationed in Boston, and their conduct led to many brawls with the citizens, who regarded their presence as an insult. March 5th, 1770, the soldiers fired into a mob of boys and men who hooted them, killing three and wounding eight. The indignation felt over this outrage resulted in the removal of the soldiers.

30. Q. What were the causes of the Revolution ?

30. A. Taxation without representation main cause. Minor causes, Stamp Act, behavior of the soldiers, Boston Port Bill, behavior of governors.

#### QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

51. Name the first six presidents and give the dates of each one's term or terms.

52. What led to the war with Tripoli? What were the chief events of it?

53. Who was Aaron Burr and what treason did he attempt?

54. How did we gain Louisiana; and what did it include?

55. When and against whom was the battle of Tippecanoe fought?

56. What led to the war of 1812?

57. What were the chief events of the years 1812-13?

58. What were the chief events of 1814?

59. What were the chief events of 1815?

60. What were the eleven new States admitted to the Union between the end of the Revolution and 1821; and what was the Missouri Compromise?

#### HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

[At the request of many readers we have added this department, in which you can tell each other all the good things you know and want others to know. It is open to you all. Address all letters intended for it to Aunt Jean, care of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, Pa.]

#### QUESTIONS ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

\$150 FOR THE BEST SET OF ANSWERS.

THE Ladies' College of Hamilton, Ont., offered a prize of \$25 last year for the best set of papers on Domestic Economy, prepared by a graduate of the college in answer to twenty-five questions, furnished by Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.

I am authorized by the publishers of this Magazine to make the same offer to any of our readers, and in addition give a special prize of \$5.00 for the best answer to *each* question, making a total of \$150 in cash prizes to be given within the year.

All answers to the 1st, 2d, and 3d questions to be in this office not later than the 1st of June, 1892. Each question to be answered separately, but they all may be sent at the same time if desired.

All the answers must be in this office on or before the 1st day of November,

1892. All the answers sent in to become the property of the Magazine.

AUNT JEAN, *Editor*.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by domestic economy? And what is included under the terms domestic science, the household arts, and home-making?

2. What four things are most essential to the comfort and happiness of a home?

3. What is the pivotal point upon which every home should revolve?

4. Which should be the lightest, airiest, and best ventilated room in a house, and for what reasons?

5. What proportion of the daily housework of a family of six persons, in a well-ordered home, can be done, in a proper manner, by one woman?

6. What are the principal reasons for cooking food, and why are different food products cooked according to different methods?

7. What is the difference between variety and variation as applied to human diet, and in the preparation and serving of food, which should receive the most attention?

8. How many general divisions of



cookery are there, and in what order should they be classified?

9. What is the most important subject or branch of cookery, and why?

10. Give the most approved method of making, baking, and taking care of yeast-raised bread, and the reasons for such methods?

11. Describe the best method of roasting a joint or roast of beef, in the oven of a range or cook-stove?

12. Describe the best methods of frying food; state the proper temperature of the frying medium, and give the reasons?

13. Will you state the difference—if there is any—in the manner of cooking meats that are to be used as boiled meats, and those that are to be used in making soup stock?

14. Under what number of heads can all the varieties of soups be arranged? or how many distinct classes of soups are there, and what are they?

15. Will you describe the proper method of dressing, stuffing, trussing, and roasting a fowl?

16. What general principles underlie the selection of the different material to be used in the preparation of a harmoniously compounded salad?

17. Under what number of heads can all the varieties of salads be arranged? or how many distinct classes of salads are there, and what are they?

18. How many methods of broiling are there, and how are they performed?

19. What are the principal cereals used for mushes, porridges, and gruels, and what proportion of liquid to grain should be allowed, what length of time given, and what general rule followed, for cooking different cereals, or different preparations of the same cereal?

20. What varieties of food and what proportion of each variety would you select as a suitable family dinner of four courses, for eight persons, and what would you consider the best method of setting the table, and serving the dinner?

21. In what order should the wood-work of a room be cleaned, the windows washed, the room swept and dusted?

And what is the best manner in which each of those operations can be performed?

22. How should a sleeping-room be put in order, and a bed made, after having been occupied during the night?

23. What order should be followed in cleaning the different parts of a house?

24. In what manner should the clothing of a family be washed, dried, folded, and ironed?

25. Which are the leading authorities on house sanitation and house furnishing and decorations?

#### SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING.

BY EVA M. KENNEDY.

"Spring does to flow'ry meadows bring  
What the rude winter from them tore."

WHILE the poets are singing of "smiling spring," and weaving the never-tiring romances on the return of that season, the busy house-wife is also contributing to its homage, but in a much more practical manner.

Some one has said: "The most marked of all examples of the advantages gained by house-cleaning is offered by old dame Nature. No fussy house-wife could desire a more thorough clearing away of old rubbish, a more scrupulous cleansing of every hole and cranny than is given by the spring thaws, and their accompanying rains and freshets. When at last the work is done, the April sun shines down on what seems like a new earth, fresh in its spring array, and looking as though it could never again become shabby or bedraggled."

With the coming of spring, visions of house-cleaning rise up before us, and associated with it are imaginary discomforts and vexations. I say *imaginary*, but alas! too often they are stern realities, and at this season of the year, every member of the household is made miserable and uncomfortable.

Now, there is no reason why things should be made so unpleasant. All that is required is a little forethought, and steady, systematic work, in order to insure the comfort of the household.

We shall suppose that this is the year

for thorough house-cleaning and renovating, when all the carpets are to be lifted, which, by the way, should be done every two years at least, and those carpets which are in constant use must be lifted every year; although no law can be laid down upon this subject, we can easily understand that if a carpet is much used and exceedingly dusty, more shaking and beating are required than if it belonged to a "spare room" or one that was seldom occupied. One's own judgment and powers of discretion are the best guides.

We shall first go to the top flat, or attic, as it is commonly called. Now, instead of upsetting the whole flat at once, and turning everything topsy turvy, thereby throwing everything and everybody into utter confusion and the most abject misery, we shall take one, or at most, two rooms at a time. Take down all curtains and *portières*, then move all the furniture into the hall; take down the pictures and raise the carpets. After this is done, the floor and wood-work must be well swept and dusted, the windows washed and polished, and the walls wiped down by means of a long brush.

In the meantime the pictures could be dusted and the glass frames washed, the furniture thoroughly dusted and rubbed with furniture-polish, the bureau-drawers washed out, and the crockery cleansed. If the room contains a closet or wardrobe it should be completely emptied and washed out; the articles of clothing must be aired, and when everything is replaced, a goodly supply of camphor, turpentine, or tar-paper should accompany them, as a preventive of that destructive little animal, the *moth*.

When the bed is pulled asunder, the mattress and bed-clothes should be exposed to the sun and air, the plain wood-work dusted and washed, and a little vermin-destroyer judiciously applied. When all this has been accomplished, and the carpet well cleansed and replaced, every article may be returned to the room and it will be completed.

The same course may be taken with all the bed-rooms, then the halls and stairs should be commenced. The carpets are

lifted first, the floors and stairs swept and scrubbed, the walls dusted, and any article of furniture dusted and polished. All rugs should be well brushed and shaken and put out in the air. A sitting or drawing-room should be done in the same manner as the bed-rooms; in a library all the books should be carefully dusted and the shelves of the book-case washed; and, in the dining-room, the silver must be cleaned and beautifully polished, and the rest of the room done the same as the bed-rooms.

The mirrors in the different rooms must be brightened and cleansed; all cloth or plush furniture must be well beaten, and the window-curtains washed, or if of another kind of material, they should be shook and well aired. The oil-cloths or linoleums must be washed off, and, after a systematic cleaning of the bed-rooms, halls, sitting-room, library, parlor, and dining-room, the kitchen and pantries should undergo a thorough cleansing and examination, and then we may proceed to the cellar. All rubbish must be thrown out, floor swept, shelves washed, and windows cleaned.

This is the time of year when repairs should be done, or any old and useless article disposed of, and replaced by new ones. With a little care and consideration there is nothing to prevent things from running smoothly, so that when the tired husband or brother returns at night after the toils of the day, he may enjoy the peace and happiness of true home life.

#### WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR BABY.

BY LOUISE E. HOGAN.

THE subject of sterilization of milk is at present receiving much attention. When an infant is, for any reason, deprived of its natural food, the first difficulty experienced is in endeavoring to find a suitable food and one that, as nearly as possible, resembles human milk in its chemical character—that is, animal milk should be employed. Cow's milk is most frequently used, and it has been generally conceded by the most advanced thinkers in the medical profession that the average cow's milk, served in cities,

to be a safe food for infants and invalids must first be made sterile. Inventors have, for years, been trying to prevent the decomposition of milk.

Sterilization, discovered and perfected abroad, and introduced to this country only a few years ago, does this absolutely. \* \* \* The process is simple, and, if carefully followed, the milk sterilized can be kept indefinitely without the use of ice. It must, however, be done in small quantities so that a fresh bottle can be opened every time the milk is needed. After opening, it no longer remains sterile, although it can be kept sweet for ordinary usage by corking carefully and placing upon ice until required. All milk fed to infants, whether sterilized or not, should be properly prepared. To do this, dilute, at least a third—for very young infants a half—with boiled water or one of the usual dilutents, and add milk, sugar, and salt to each portion. By using milk prepared in this way for a child whose digestion is normal, and by peptonizing it for delicate children, the ills usually resulting from undigested food will most probably be avoided. The statement has been made by good authority, that nine-tenths of the evils to which growing children succumb, either in early death, or chronic invalidism, are caused by some disarrangement of the stomach and digestive functions. When milk can be secured perfectly fresh twice a day in summer and once in winter, there is no absolute necessity for sterilization, as milk direct from the udder, if the cow is healthy, is perfectly pure and free from germs. These multiply rapidly, therefore great care must be exercised in keeping the milk free from taint.

For this reason alone, if for no other, it is far more convenient to sterilize than not, as once done, you are reasonably sure of having a bottle of sweet milk in readiness whenever it is wanted.

Do not prepare the food until just before it is to be given, with the exception, perhaps, of the night bottle or rather the early morning bottle—which can be done for convenience the last thing before retiring and placed upon ice—taking care to securely cork the bottle.

A very important point for mothers to remember is that regularity of meals and no feeding at night after eleven o'clock is positively necessary for the well-being of infants. The child needs rest as well as the adult, and if in good health will soon grow accustomed to sleep without feeding from ten or eleven at night to six or seven in the morning.

If ill, a physician's advice must be taken in this respect as well as in others.

The meals, bath, in fact everything that is done for an infant, should be done so far as is possible with regularity.

The child will thus become a creature of habit, and consequently will be less troublesome to care for and will be far more comfortable and happy.

Illness frequently results from irregular feeding, and feeding at night. An infant may not take kindly to this treatment at first, but if persevered in, usually at the end of a week the trouble is over.

For a night or two after beginning to follow this plan it is allowable to quiet the child, if it cries, by giving it a little milk and water, but very soon this will not be required.

The infant is not the only one to be benefited by this method. The mother has a chance to secure a good night's rest, and her health will naturally improve. Her nerves will have a chance to recover from the tension of the previous day, and she will be better able to meet with patience and self-possession the needs of the following day; and let every mother remember that the disposition of her child depends largely upon the manner in which it is treated and upon its surroundings. If a mother is fretful and impatient, what can be expected from the child? If her disposition be uniformly happy and sunny her child cannot help being influenced by it. Children are curiously responsive to the influences by which they are surrounded.

Playing on the floor in cold weather is the source of many a cold for baby, yet it is difficult to prevent it. An ingenious mother has invented a padded rug that should prove a comfort to baby as well as mother.

Take as a foundation a square of cheese-cloth measuring five feet on every side. On this arrange a deep border composed of the leaves of linen picture-books printed in high colors. Place the pages so that they will be right-side up when viewed from the centre—that is, with the tops along the outer edge of the square. After the pictures are smoothly and evenly basted, outline them with a heavy herring-bone or feather stitch in bright red or blue wool. After this square is completed, make another exactly the same size and wad it generously with cotton batting. Cover the top with sheet rubber, and over all lay the pictured square. The seams on the outside edge and a little quilting done in the centre, where it is not covered with pictures, will hold all firmly together. The lower square should be quilted all over before either the rubber or the pictured square is laid on. It can be edged by loose crochet or in any way desired.

Another way is to buy a cheap mattress and cover it with a blanket, keeping it in one corner of the room for baby's play-room.

One mother had a platform made six feet wide and six inches high and here baby ruled. It can be of any height, but if more than a few inches, it should have a railing placed around it.

If any mother has ever tried having an emergency closet she will never again be without it.

It should contain vaseline, cosmoline, carbolized cosmoline, zinc ointment, court plaster, adhesive plaster in spools ten yards each, and of different widths, bandages made of soft linen and old muslin, soft cloths for burns, mustard plasters, a hot-water bottle, a magnifying glass, to use in taking out splinters, etc., syringes, alcohol and alcohol stove, sponges of different sizes, borax, Pond's extract, a ball of string, flannel strips, useful for outer wrappings, compresses when applying cold or hot applications, scissors, arnica, sweet oil, matches—in fact, all the simple home remedies that every mother understands the use of should find a place in this closet, and everything should be so placed as to be

readily found when immediately required. Never keep a poisonous article in such a closet. Some persons, under excitement, might make a mistake that would be disastrous in its results. \* \* \* Occasionally it is wise to take account with paper and pencil of what it is needful to replenish, for fear of an emergency finding you unprepared.

Recently the Magazine was asked to devise a plan for making Sunday a pleasant day to the little ones. Perhaps the following suggestion may be of service: A small closet was called by one mother the "Sunday closet." In it were put some of the children's favorite toys and books, and occasionally new ones were added to the collection.

On Saturday night all the playthings used during the week were put away carefully and the next morning the "Sunday closet" was opened. A little change like this will often be very interesting to children.

#### PEEPS AT OUR NEIGHBORS.

BY DOROTHY HUNT.

I WENT on an errand to one of our neighbors the other day and there she sat piecing blocks for a quilt out of new red and white cloth.

I mentally wept a little weep over the many misguided sisters who are wasting their souls and bodies in such flummery as this and kindred labors, in the delusion that they are being "economical," or "saving spare minutes," or some similar falsity.

Here this woman had cut up her cloth into triangular pieces about three inches long and was sewing them together again for "a wild-goose chase" quilt, I think she called it; and I call any one a goose that will allow such a wild idea as that to chase them into piecing quilts when calico for nice comforts is only seven cents a yard, and white counterpanes may be bought for less than a dollar, and hours of tiresome needlework may be exchanged for the reading of a good book or leisure to bask out-doors in God's beautiful world of sunshine and flowers.

Now that looks like a long sentence,



but it contains a sermon on senseless labor called "fancy work" that I devoutly wish might help save your bodies if it can't your souls.

## TRY IT.

I WONDER how many poor tired home mothers know how much rest they can obtain by simply changing work for a few minutes? When I am very weary nothing rests me so much as to sit down and read, if only a few lines, in some good book, like ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE; but failing time to read, *sit down*, at least when very tired; and if you cannot afford the luxury of reading turn to the always ready and full sewing-basket, and put in a few stitches there. In a short time you will feel added energy for another tussle with the washboard or ironing-table. Too many women think their work must be done just so, and at just such a time, regardless of health or weariness.

It's a mistake; try the other plan, you

weary ones, and see how much time and labor you save.

## ONE OF THE CIRCLE.

WILL some one that knows how, tell me how to make comfortables of wool. I read that they are very nice.

MARY.

## "HOME CIRCLE:

"I do not know whether this want is admissible in the "Circle" or not. However, I will send it and maybe some woman or girl who wants a good home with good wages in our Sunny South may be benefited. If any who read this, want such homes, will address me, I will put them in communication with families where they can get them.

"MRS. C. T. PARK,

"PARIS, TEXAS."

[Though we can take no responsibility regarding this "Want," we take pleasure in inserting it for Mrs. Park, trusting her thoughtfulness may benefit some one.

AUNT JEAN.]

## SELF-RELIANCE.

"MAN is his own star; and the soul that can  
 Render an honest and a perfect man,  
 Commands all light, all influence, all fate;  
 Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
 Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves, childlike, to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty efforts and advancing on chaos and the dark.—Emerson.



EDITED BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Miss E. L. Reed, Editor Woman's World, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We cordially invite our readers to ask questions in connection with this department, which we will endeavor to answer, and also to send us any suggestions which they may have found useful in their own housekeeping.

#### FASHION NOTES.

##### PREPARING FOR SPRING.

THE FIRST STREET COSTUMES—ELABORATE GOWNS FOR MANY OCCASIONS—EARLY SEWING AND SHOPPING FOR SPRING.

**F**INE, rough effects, if this inconsistency may be used, mottled chevriots and ribbed effects will prove the prominent factors of the first gowns donned to welcome spring in. All brown and tan shades will be worn and gray always appears with the first note of spring.

The useful street dress intended for quiet wear will show a serge or cheviot weave in diagonal or straight ribs, indistinct stripes and shot effects, with a trimming of ivory or pearl buttons, silk and mohair braids, gimp, etc.

If a silk vest is worn it probably will be of bengaline, and if flat silk accessories are desired they may be of moiré, as this latter fabric does not look or wear so well for a full trimming like a gathered or draped plastron.

The "bell" skirt and a design lapping on the sides seem now to be the intended favorites, though at a moment's notice some of the Parisian modistes may invent or revive a new style, as Doucet did with the "bell" shape, but such garments are apt to change slowly. Just now there is a tendency to accentuate the tablier portion of the skirt.

Princess gowns, coat basques, draped

and corselet fronts and sleeves of a moderate height promise well. Skirts may be slit up on each side, showing a panel of contrasting goods, and have the sides ornamented with a lacing of velvet ribbon, jet cord, or silk braid.

Sleeves buttoning up the wrists are always in note for simple gowns, and the buttons are unusually pretty for the coming season. Jacket effects are expected to take well for slender forms, and the pointed bodice having a narrow coat-tail, a coat from the side seams, or a back of three long pointed tabs overlapping the longest one in the centre are all stylish basques.

#### PARIS NOTES.

##### WRAPS FOR SPRING.

All possible changes will be rung upon jackets and capes, both of which are sure to be long in any case. No doubt blazers will again form the garment for the summer girl and the comfortable reefer sell well in the spring. The English tailors show a one-piece back to a jacket.

Others have a back fitted by organ plaits in the centre forming a Watteau effect, which is extreme in style, but may take. Half-flowing sleeves are among the promised "to-be's" which do not always come to pass. Yoke effects are of rich passementeries, and many of the early wraps will still have feather edgings and high collars.

Traveling wraps in the single or double-breasted ulster style are of mottled chevriots in tan and gray effects. Tan will be much worn and black is naturally the popular choice. Shot and brocade linings make the more expensive wraps articles of charming comfort, as a silk-lined jacket always is.

Black satin and moiré richly trimmed

with lace and jet will form many little wraps for the late spring. Draping the back of a garment from the shoulders to give a cape effect is a French idea seen on capes and jackets, also long cloth Newmarkets, closely fitted.

Capes will be very long and fitted in the back, which arrangement really marks the difference between the winter and spring styles. Elegant buttons for jackets are of shaded pearl, ivory, and shell, with old silver, gold, and steel effects. These form a handsome trimming of themselves, even without the collar garniture that distinguishes jackets of every shape and size.

#### INEXPENSIVE COSTUMES.

A silk gown is often thought to be expensive, but with pretty glacé and striped designs as low as seventy-five cents, and only thirteen yards required for a pointed bodice, long or elbow sleeves and a "bell" skirt having three tiny ruffles all around the edge, it brings the gown to only nine dollars and seventy-five cents, and five dollars and twenty-five cents will buy the linings, chiffon ruffles for the neck and sleeves, and velvet ribbon for a belt, having long ends at the back, bretelles and shoulder-knots.

White ground China silks having pink, yellow, or light green designs are fashioned with a yoke of Irish point lace, ribbon belt, etc., round waist and elbow sleeves in a deep puff caught in a bracelet of velvet ribbon and a "bell" skirt. Best of all, these gowns do for evening wear during the winter and are equally fashionable for summer wear.

Wool crêpons at one dollar, in the medium and light tints, trim well with velvet, chiffon, Irish point lace, or ribbon. This weave is remarkably pretty and stylish, and admits of nearly any fashioning. A dainty yellow has a "bell" skirt, narrow ruffle caught up with black velvet ribbon knots, round waist, elbow

sleeves, and bracelets and Watteau bow of velvet ribbon; yoke of écru Irish point lace.

A neat, all-wool challie, in black, having lavender flowers is made up for early spring wear with a "bell" skirt and round waist, with a yoke of heavy black lace over lavender satin, ditto sleeves and lavender satin ribbons for belt, long bow in the back, shoulder-knots, etc.

A cream light woollen material having silky pink ribs, or narrow cords, is charmingly trimmed with pink chiffon ruffles and black velvet ribbons. Satin surah, striped silks, cord crêpons, and silk warp and striped goods are deftly fashioned with velvet corselets, lace yokes or jacket fronts, or chiffon ruffles and ribbons.

Fine cordings and Henriettas admit of satin vests covered with jet, silver or gold spangles (not nail-heads), ribbons treated



Fig. 1.—Illustrates several sleeves for evening toilets and two styles of high flare collars.

in the same manner for belt, etc. Round and pointed corsages are to be worn, "bell" skirts, princess gowns fastening on the left and lace dresses will be very stylish.

The latest fashions from abroad show that the dress skirts of spring toilets are to be quite as long as they were in mid-winter. The average woman objects to the trying ordeal of raising her robe,

quite as much as she dislikes to ruin fine fabrics, or to take into her home, in her garments, the mud and dust of uncleaned streets. Now, all this can be avoided by adopting the "Chic" Dress Lifter, a decided novelty, consisting of steel stays furnished at each end with flat brass hooks or loops, creating, in one moment, a graceful tuck-like looping of the surplus drapery or skirt length.

Fig. 2 shows a tiny crown and full brim, the latter of lace as a frill widening in front, with a torsade of velvet around



Fig. 2.

the apology of a crown. The flowers are arranged in the new fashion to entirely cover the crown, with a few longer sprays in the centre. Velvet or satin ribbon strings.

Fig. 3 represents a full, plaited brim narrowing toward the back, with a windmill bow of lace, velvet ribbon, and a centre ornament. Satin strings.

entirely of velvet, with the same upright bunch of ostrich tips at the back.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

Fig. 4 has a soft crown and front drapery of black velvet, with a narrow border of feathers or fur, according to the fancy, or the jaunty turban could be

#### COMING SHAPES IN STRAW.

Several of the hat manufacturers have received cases of French and



English straw shapes for the spring, and as this is practically a start for the spring season we will give descriptions of many that are favorably commented upon.

A long, low crown poke shape of fine Tuscan braid, with fancy Tuscan brim, from Messrs. Bassy et Lemay.

A large, flaring, fluted front with a sort of Tam o'Shanter crown, in plain black chip, with fancy openwork insertions.

A tricorn hat, partly of fine Tuscan, and partly plain chip, from J. B. Pin et Co.

A soft crown turban of myrtle green chip, and silver tape sewn in alternate rows.

Among the new imported shapes which is considered particularly novel is the double crown shape, which admits of many ways of trimming.

A pointed crown, flare front bonnet, with part of the brim nearer the crown, made of fine white chip and the crown itself, the balance of the brim of white openwork fancy crinoline, from M. Emile Davasse.

A directoire of black, viz., amour chip with a fancy brim, from Aguellet Freres.

Soft crown hat of black chip, fine Tuscan brim, a gold galloon round the crown and one at the edge.

These few we quote cannot be said to be wanting in variety. Judging from the many shapes we have looked at, the foreign manufacturers do not seem to have agreed altogether about the height of the crowns, or the width of the brims. They all may entertain the same views as to what will be, yet they seem determined to give the trade a variety to select from. We notice many deviations from the Directoire, and the old poke styles. There are many modifications of the old Angot and Niniche shapes.

It is safe to say that the bonnets have the same tendency. We find many small poke bonnet shapes, which is a tendency toward the Pemela styles, which would do away with the toquet styles, and thus enable the manufacturer to make more bonnets, instead of leaving

it to the milliner, as has been the case for the last few seasons.

#### HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

##### PRETTY SCARFS.

GET a yard and a quarter of broad ribbon, six inches wide, perhaps, and two strips of bolting cloth or fine sheer muslin of the same width of the ribbon after the sides have been hemmed. Paint or embroider upon these strips bunches of flowers, small clusters, leaves, or whatever is pretty with the color of the ribbon chosen. Sew these together with the ribbon in the centre. Point the ends of each strip by folding them together upon the wrong side and running them closely, then put a tassel upon each point. The effect is exceedingly pretty.

Another handsome scarf is made of bolting cloth, ribbon, and crocheted wheels. Cut the bolting cloth so that with an inch wide hem all around it will be seven-eighths of a yard long and twenty inches wide. Get No. 9 ribbon of some of the lighter shades, either pink, blue, or yellow. Cut it in lengths that are twice the width, and the width of a seam over. Fold these to form a square and over-hand the edges together. Crochet wheels of fine cotton and alternate them with the squares, making several strips as long as the bolting cloth is wide. Sew these together so that the ribbon squares will alternate through the whole. Sew the piece made thus to the bolting cloth. Finish the bottom with fringe and put a row of fringe across the other end of the bolting cloth. That may be left plain, or a spray of flowers painted or embroidered above the hem.

Another lovely scarf is made of bolting cloth, a yard and a quarter long and twenty inches wide. The two ends are to be embroidered a depth of three-eighths of a yard with tiny flowers to give the Dresden effect, and then finished with a fall of embroidered *chiffon*, lace, or tassels.

Fig. 5 represents a French work-table that might be made at home, using any ordinary wooden frame and giving it two coats of enamel.

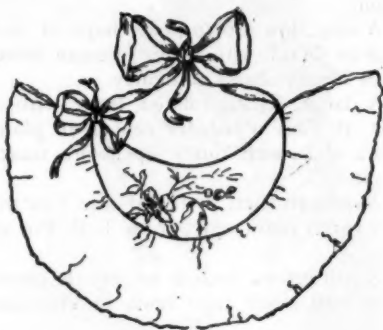
Cover with Holbein green plush, gold lace, and gay-colored ribbon, which is coiled round the supports and forms bows



Fig. 5.

at the corners of each shelf. Convenient vide poche drooping on each side. D'oy-

ley in fancy brocade on the top shelf terminating with a deep fringe in variegated silks. Lamp shade in white embroidered line over green silk.



Letter-Case.

#### LETTER-CASE.

These letter-cases are very pretty and dainty in almost every color, and especially so in light-blue, pink, and yellow. They can also be made any desirable size, but the one illustrated measures *twelve* inches across the top, and is made with light-pink China silk. Take four pieces of cardboard, cover three of them on one side with the China silk, and one with white corded silk for the outside of the case. Put two of the pieces together on the upper or top edges, then in the same way sew the other two. Take two strips of cardboard sixteen inches long and one inch wide; cover them the same way on one side with the silk and sew together. Join the two pieces to the long strip; this forms the pocket of the case. Take two widths of the silk eight inches wide, gather it and glue to the pocket on each side of the narrow strip. Between the outside and inside crescent finish with a spray of roses across the front of the case either in painting or embroidery.

#### WATCH-CASE.

Watch-cases are also pretty made the

same way as the letter-case. Cut the card-boards perfectly round, a little larger than a watch. Cover them on one side with silk, sew them together. Gather the silk for a puff around the edge of the pocket and paint or embroider a spray of flowers across the front of the case.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**M. S. B.**—To Wash Colored Embroidery—Put a handful of bran into warm water, and leave the article to be cleaned in it to soak, pressing it together occasionally, but not rubbing it; when clean, hang it up until it is nearly dry, and then stretch it in a frame, or iron it.

Another method is as follows.—Simply wash the embroidery with soap in tepid water, into which a pinch of salt has been put; the actual work should only be very slightly rubbed, but the material all round can be thoroughly cleansed. Have another basin of clean tepid water ready, in which the work must be rinsed, then roll it up tightly in a dry cloth, and press it immediately with a tolerably warm iron. The latter plan is the best in ordinary cases, but the whole process must be very quickly done, as any delay will cause the colors to run.

**HOUSEWIFE.**—To Clean Brass—Most brass-work may be cleaned and highly polished by using a mixture of emery powder and vinegar, or brick dust and vinegar to remove the stains, and afterward polishing by brisk rubbing with chamois leather.

**SOCIETY-GIRL.**—To Preserve Cut Flowers—Flowers which have been worn during an entire evening may be revived, and made to look as though freshly gathered by clipping the stalks and placing them in hot water. In a short time the steam restores both flowers and foliage to their original beauty. Cut camellias can be preserved and prevented from becoming discolored in the following manner: Take a raw, sound potato, and with a stiletto pierce a small deep hole in it; into this hole the stalk of the camellia should be gently placed, care being taken that the stem is not bruised; there must be only one camellia in each

potato, and when all are arranged they must be kept in a dark, cool cellar until they are required.

**Mrs. M. R. S.**—Here are the two recipes you speak of, they are delicious, and not too rich for the children:

**SUGAR JUMBLES.**—Two eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one and a half cupfuls of sour cream, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted with the flour, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of lemon, flour to make a dough that can be handled. Roll not too thin, cut in strips or squares, in hearts, rounds, or any preferred shape, sprinkle thickly with sugar, and bake in a brisk oven.

**COOKIES.**—One egg, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk or cold water, one-half cupful each of butter and lard, three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, sifted with flour to stiffen; spice to taste; sprinkle with sugar, and bake quickly.

**DEAR EDITOR.**—I have just finished two pretty "matinee" or house jackets, and will describe them. They are made by the pattern illustrated in the January Magazine. The number of the pattern is 3072. I possessed a white albatross-cloth skirt. The sides were plaited, and the back very full. The front was white surah, box-plaited, and contained three widths of the silk.

Having one white jacket, I concluded to make one pink and one delicate lavender. The patterns were first laid upon the goods to make sure that there was enough for two jackets. Half of the goods was then dyed a delicate rose color, with weak Diamond crimson dye; and the lavender was colored with much diluted violet Diamond dye. The white silk was cleaned with naphtha, until it was like new.

The pink jacket had the vest made of the white silk, and instead of the revers in the illustration, it was decorated with double box-plaitings of fringed-out silk. At the neck and waist were placed very pretty pearl, leaf-shaped clasps, that had done duty upon other garments.

The lavender jacket had a vest of yellow China silk, and the revers were made from some strips of rich purple velvet, and embroidered with lavender and yellow pansies. The cuffs were made in the same manner.

The waist was confined by one yellow and one lavender ribbon, tied in long loops and ends. A dainty bow of the two colors was fastened upon the left side of the collar.

These were made for afternoon wear, and did not cost anything save for the linings and dyes, as all the materials were on hand. They are so pretty and comfortable that I am making two dark ones for morning wear.

One is to be made from some pieces of an old crimson rep dress; have a black

silk vest and black velvet revers. The other will be of some black, half-linen brocade silk (?) which was very rusty and unfit for use until I gave it a bath in black dye for cotton.

It came out looking nicely, and is to have a scarlet China silk front (the front of an old wrapper) and be feather-stitched with scarlet.

I got the patterns for two stamps. Thanks to our lovely Magazine. All the sisters ought to get it, and see what pretty little jackets can be gotten out of odds and ends.

JEAN HUNT.

JEAN HUNT.—Thank you for your nice letter and descriptions of the jackets. I am sure they will be of use to some more of our readers.

## SOME AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY MARY MARSDEN.

THE following article is in reply to inquiries for information concerning the career of famous American women:

Lucretia Mott, an American Quakeress, was a noted reformer and philanthropist. She was born on the island of Nantucket in 1793. Died in 1880. Mrs. Mott was an earnest and eloquent advocate of anti-slavery, and a leader in the cause of woman's suffrage.

Lydia Maria Child, a noted American writer, was born in Medford, Mass., in 1802. Died in 1880. She was one of the earliest writers of the anti-slavery agitation in America, and her works on that subject are esteemed among the best of their kind. Many think that in writing her *Progress of Religious Ideas* she wandered from her true work in life; her genial, kindly spirit fitted her better for the imaginative and philanthropic. *Looking Toward Sunset* is one of her pleasantest books. She was a writer of lively sympathies and noble aims.

Susan B. Anthony, the eminent advocate of woman's suffrage, temperance, and anti-slavery causes, was born in South

Boston, Mass., in 1820. She was manager of the International Council of Women, held in Washington, D. C., during the month of March, 1888.

Rose Terry Cook is a charming storyteller and poet. She was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1827. Perhaps "The Two Villages" is her best known poem. Her stories, mainly of New England life, for faithful description, excellence of character drawing and constructive ability, take high rank.

Elizabeth R. Thompson, the great philanthropist, was born in Lyndon, Vt., in 1821. She is the great-granddaughter of the brave Hannah Dustan and a relative on the maternal side of Pocahontas, the Indian princess. An income inherited from her husband enabled her to carry into practice schemes of noble philanthropy, for which trait she was distinguished in early life. Through her efforts students have been educated to posts of honor and trust, schools have been founded, colleges endowed, the weak and infirm have been provided for and the erring reclaimed.—"*Home and Farm.*"



## EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

[Whenever space will permit we intend, at the request of our old subscribers, to devote a page to the poets, as of yore.—Ed.]

### THE DAY IS DONE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward,  
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village,  
Gleam through the rain and the mist  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness or longing  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only,  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters;  
Not from the bards sublime;  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor  
And to-night, I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet  
Whose songs gush from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds in summer  
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

\* \* \*

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

### AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright  
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
An angel came to us, and we could bear  
To see him issue from the silent air  
At evening in our room, and bend on ours  
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers  
News of dear friends and children who have  
never

Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.  
Alas! we think not what we daily see  
About our hearths, angels that are to be,  
Or maybe if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—  
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings  
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

### THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

IN the still air the music lies unheard;  
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:  
To make the music and the beauty, needs  
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hand,  
Let not the music that is in us die!  
Great sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,  
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke, do with us as Thou wilt,  
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;  
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become  
Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord!

### FROM "THE RIVULET."

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AND I shall sleep; and on thy side,  
As ages after ages glide,  
Children their early sports shall try,  
And pass to hoary age, and die.  
But thou, unchanged from year to year,  
Gayly shalt play and glitter here:  
Amid young flowers and tender grass  
Thy endless infancy shalt pass;  
And, singing down thy narrow glen,  
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

### A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OUR father's God! from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Oh! make Thou us through centuries long  
In peace secure and justice strong;  
Around our gifts of freedom draw  
The safeguard of Thy righteous law;  
And, cast in some diviner mold,  
Let the new cycle shame the old.



much interested in the 'School of Fiction,' it is so ably conducted, so really useful, and so different from any department in any other magazine, that I have decided I *cannot spare the HOME*, so please continue to send to your well-wisher," etc.

We beg to state the italics are the writer's own, and we believe she meant them, just as we believe another old friend from Ohio is in earnest when she says: "Though we are flooded with an unusual amount of good reading, Arthur's holds the first place in our hearts and minds also."

We cannot but be greatly encouraged by these valuable tokens of appreciation, and we hope by renewed efforts to go on proving that "nothing succeeds like success."

#### WE ARE LATE.

Owing to the fact that we have been compelled to print *second editions* of both our January and February numbers we are a little late in mailing our March Magazine. Our subscription list has grown much larger than we had even dreamed it would, and consequently we were not fully prepared to fill all orders promptly. This caused a delay in getting the February number mailed to some subscribers, as we had to wait until another edition was printed.

We hope that the fact we are growing so rapidly and consequently will be able to give you a much better Magazine will be accepted as our humble apology for the inconvenience it caused a comparatively few of you.

#### THE MARCH NUMBER

Of this Magazine is probably the handsomest Magazine ever printed for the price.

The article on the New Navy has been prepared with great care and the illustrations all made from photographs taken for the purpose.

The illustration of the "Chicago" was published in our January magazine, and consequently is not repeated.

The "Modern Sophister" is a novel that has been looked forward to with great interest. It tells its own story.

Honestly now, dear reader, do you know of any other way to get so much for your money as we give you?

Even without the patterns, we think Mr. Wanamaker is right when he says we are giving fully as much as any three-dollar magazine. We don't mean monthly newspapers full of advertising. Can't you get us some more subscribers? We will send a sample to any of your friends that you will ask (or write to) to subscribe. Try it, please.

#### ONE WORD MORE.

All subscribers get the twelve-pattern order if they begin with the January number. There will be one order in each Magazine during the year.

Every new subscriber who remits the full price (\$1.50) is entitled to three extra copies (fifteen months), provided they take no other premium.

Any subscriber, old or new, is entitled to the full benefit of our clubbing rates with other magazines and papers, but not to any other premium (except pattern) at clubbing prices.

For instance, we give our Magazine one year and *Farm and Fireside* one year for \$1.50, or the *Saturday Evening Post* one year for \$2.00, and we cannot do this and give three months extra to new subscribers.

The President of the Pope Manufacturing Co., Col. Albert A. Pope, founder of the Department of Road Construction in the Mass. Institute of Technology, and an enthusiastic supporter of highway maintenance and improvements, has made an offer which we think should stimulate wheelmen and youthful quill drivers. It reads as follows: \$10,000 worth of bicycles as prizes for the boys or young men who will write the best essay on any phase of the subject, "Good Roads."

Here is an opportunity for the youth who yearns for a wheel to propel him through the summer twilight to the haven where he would be.

# LITERATURE

BY JOSEPH F. REED.

## NEW BOOKS.

WHEN J. M. Barrie published his little book, *My Lady Nicotine*, the critics said, "Ah! here is a bright man who will make his mark." When he published *A Window in Thrums*, the critics cried, "We told you so, here is a genius." Now this young author comes before the public with *The Little Minister*, and the critics are saying, "Here is a man who will do for Scotland what Dickens did for England."

For vivid word picturing, strong character drawing, accurate local coloring, intense pathos, mingled with an unmistakable humor Mr. Barrie is unexcelled. In the perusal of *The Little Minister* there is often hardly time to breathe betwixt a smile and a tear. In fact, oftentimes, so pathetic are some of the humorous situations, the smiles themselves are mixed with tears.

*Dreams of the Dead*, by Edward Stanton (*Lee & Shepard, Boston*), is a curious farrago of mystical nonsense. The author strives hard to make it original nonsense. Yet do what he will the best he can give us is eclectic nonsense. Esoteric Buddhism, theosophy, socialism, neo-paganism, rationalism, and nationalism are all jumbled together, yet retain their familiar features. An introduction by Edward S. Huntington (we probably argue ourselves unknown by asking who is Edward S. Huntington?) who says a good many very flattering things about Captain Stanton and his book, and closes with this final word: "I believe that the moral effect of *Dreams of the Dead* ought to be most excellent, whatever shall be the individual opinions of its readers as to the occurrences narrated." Perhaps so. We were not able to read enough to feel any distinct moral regeneration.

Robert Coltman, Jr., M. D., Surgeon in charge of the Presbyterian Hospital and Dispensary at Teng Chow Fu, has done a great deal for the medical profession, and also much for the general reader in his interesting work entitled: *The Chinese, Their Present and Future, Medical, Political, and Social*. (F. A. Davis & Co.) The book is instructively written, and shows Dr. Coltman's personal residence in North China. Throughout it is illustrated from photographs of his own selection, and principally from his own camera.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Melville, widow of Herman Melville, has placed the publication of her husband's writings with the United States Book Company, who will issue, from new plates, an edition of *Melville's Works*, edited by Mr. Arthur Stedman. *Typee*, a *Real Romance of the South Seas*, will appear shortly, with a biographical and critical introduction, by Mr. Stedman. *Omoo* (sequel to *Typee*), *Moby Dick*; or, *the White Whale*, *White Jacket*, etc., will follow at intervals of a month.

Hall Caine has revised and improved his new novel, *The Scapgoat*, for the United States Book Company, and they have issued a handsome illustrated edition. It is rapidly passing through frequent editions in London, and will doubtless prove a great success in this country.

*Ruling the Planets*, a novel, by Mina E. Burton, is the latest addition to "Harper's Franklin Square Library." It is a story of mistaken—or, rather, substituted—identity, very original in plot and execution.

Mr. H. L. Gordon's new volume entitled, *The Feast of the Virgins and other Poems* (Laird & Lee, Chicago), embraces a series of Indian legends.

## LITERARY NOTES.

It is the fashion to complain that virtue is very rare in this world. Yet the success of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., ought

to teach us the contrary. Here is *Bion the Wanderer*; or, *the Faithless Guardian* just re-published by the Cassell Publishing Company. It is like all his other books. That is to say, it is an absurd story told in slatternly English and garnished with flat, stale, and unprofitable reflections. But it is profoundly moral. The cheek of innocence would retain its damask bloom; the generous heart of youth would remain uncorrupted after the perusal of this book. Nothing would suffer save the brain. But the prevalence and popularity of books of this sort show that innocent cheeks and generous hearts are more plentiful in this world than discriminating brains. One contemplates the spectacle with admiration for the virtue of the reading public and profound contempt for its intelligence.

Here is something very different. *The Book of Pity and of Death*, by Pierre Loti (Cassell). It offers us blatant morality. There are no flourishes, no fine writing, no soul-stirring adventures—only a lot of little stories of every-day life, stories about the death of a cat, of a sparrow, of an ordinary human being, told with simple truth and earnestness that wring your heart before you know it. It is a pity to have to read Loti in a translation, however. Not that the present translation is a bad one. But only Loti could do justice to Loti. There are no English-speaking Lotis at present, or if there are, they devote their attention to original writing and not to translating.

The frontispiece portrait in February *Book News* is of James Wincomb Riley. In a short sketch of the Hoosier poet's life and work, Prof. Ridpath writes: "Personally, Mr. Riley is one of the most humane, gentle, and lovable of men. Everything about him is his own—even to his religion, which is the religion of humanity. In physical stature he is below the average height. His complexion is fair. His hair has never changed from the flaxen whiteness of boyhood. His eyes are large, light blue, wide open, and marvelous in their expression. His face is smooth shaven; his attire neat and fashionable."

"Love and Marriage in Japan." Sir Edwin Arnold, who has been enjoying an interesting trip through the United States, has made a careful study of the conditions which govern the family in Japan, and embodies his ideas in a paper called "Love and Marriage in Japan." In the February number of *The Cosmopolitan*. The article is illustrated by the quaintest possible Japanese sketches running down the sides and across the bottom of each page.

*The Cup Bearer*, New Era Publishing Co., is a new illustrated monthly magazine for young people, edited by Helen Van Anderson. It is filled with bright, original stories, poems, games, etc. The review of good books is an especially interesting feature for parents. Every body ought to read *The Cup Bearer* and see how delightful, interesting, and profitable children's literature may be without slang, excitement, or startling plots.

Among recent triumphs in American sculpture, few have evoked more favorable comment than F. Edwin Elwell's statue of "Little Nell," a portion of a colossal group which has so far been seen by but few critics. A picture of this group—"Dickens and Little Nell"—was given in the number of *Harper's Weekly* published February 17th, together with an appreciative article on Mr. Elwell's work by William H. Goodyear.

Mr. Wm. S. Walsh, late of the *Illustrated American*, is engaged in literary work in Philadelphia, and may be addressed care of ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE.



## THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

BY H. G. DURYÉE.

WHO does not hang high in his gallery of experiences the first hints which yearly come to foretell spring?

Weary of clouds that settle and sun that sulks, we go to our window some gray morning and pull the frame down from the top with a vicious tug. We are prepared to scowl at the weather-vane which is delusively pointing west; we are more than ready to growl at the faintly struggling grass; we are determined to be ill-natured—when out from a neighboring orchard there rings a sound as soothing as it is unexpected, as reviving as it is merry. "Cheerily, cheerily" it bubbles and mocks and laughs, "You lumbering and wingless mortal be glad for it is spring—cheerily, cheerily—don't you see?"

And there he is on an old bare tree that hasn't even begun to shed its winter gray. Confident, alert, inquiring, the feathered active young Southerner trills and hops and pokes fun as if the world were all a joke perpetrated for his benefit. What if a snow-storm waits behind the very next hill and March winds are careening round the orchard. What if the worms are dreaming dreams beneath a half-thawed sod. Considerations like these trouble him never a whit. They are to worry the clumsy man in overcoats, the woman with a new spring bonnet, the farmer whose soul yearns for more acres. *He has feathers and a song, what more does one want?* He shakes the one and trills the other now and ducks his head to think how much ahead of that opinionated robin family he is, and how poor a pick of nests they will have when they do come.

As he goes peering into this deserted home and fluttering over that, criticising here, disapproving there, an exultant air grows about him and his whole plump little body trembles. "What a lark," he seems to say, "every nest empty and no one here to interfere. If I don't get a good summer residence out of this, I'll eat my top-knot." Then he laughs again and plumes himself and flirts his tail in a most contagious spirit of fun. A source of inner amusement he seems to have which must be reminiscent. Without a doubt he pictures again that chattering group of relatives and friends who watched him and his daring companions start North. How the aunts did flutter and the uncles bridle and the more timid cousins shiver at his rashness. But that little thirteenth half-cousin, he must make up for the wrong he gave her. Politeness demands it. What sort of a nest is it probable she will fancy? Away to the barn-yard he wisks sociably and from there to the wood-pile which, with the cold weather, is fast dwindling. Then he darts to a piece of woodland where he knows will be a famous hunting-ground in summer, and presently is back to the orchard where two especial nests attract him. Which will she prefer, which will be daintiest and best? So he spends the morning. And all the while the slow sap has only just begun to start upward in the trees, and the sleepy leaves have not even crept out into buds and the baby grass is wishing the snow were back to keep it warm and spring lingers perversely across the threshold.

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Married in white, you have chosen all right;  
Married in gray, you will go far away;  
Married in black, you will wish yourself back.

—Old Rhymes.

## COMFORTED.

BY NELLY HART WOODWORTH.

ONCE when a little child lay  
dying  
Its mother, kneeling, prayed in anguish wild  
That God would hear and spare the precious child  
Beside her lying.

And as she prayed and wept  
An angel softly took its station there  
And whispered, "Heaven has heard your prayer,"  
And then the baby slept.

"Here is life's mirror," so the angel said.  
"Watch well and tell me what you see," and then  
She wiped her pallid cheeks where tears had been  
And looked within, half-comforted.

"What is the picture?" said the angel then.  
"It is a boy of ten." "Are there no tears  
In his clear eyes?" "Nay, nay, the blessed years  
Have answered well my prayer."

"Again." "It is a youth I see,  
The same boy as before, but older grown,  
The face is not so gentle; he has known  
Some evil mastery."

"Are there no tears?" "No tears."  
"Then there is sadness angel hearts among,  
When human eyes are dry the heart goes wrong,  
Corrupted by the years."

Thrice as she looked "No tears" the mother  
told,  
The angel. "Heartaches here and bitter grief in  
Heaven.  
Who never weeps can never be forgiven,  
What do you now behold?"

"O angel! in the darkness one lies dead.  
No watchers, none to weep, only the gloom  
Of night around him. 'Tis a convict's doom,  
The evil sight appalls my heart," she said.

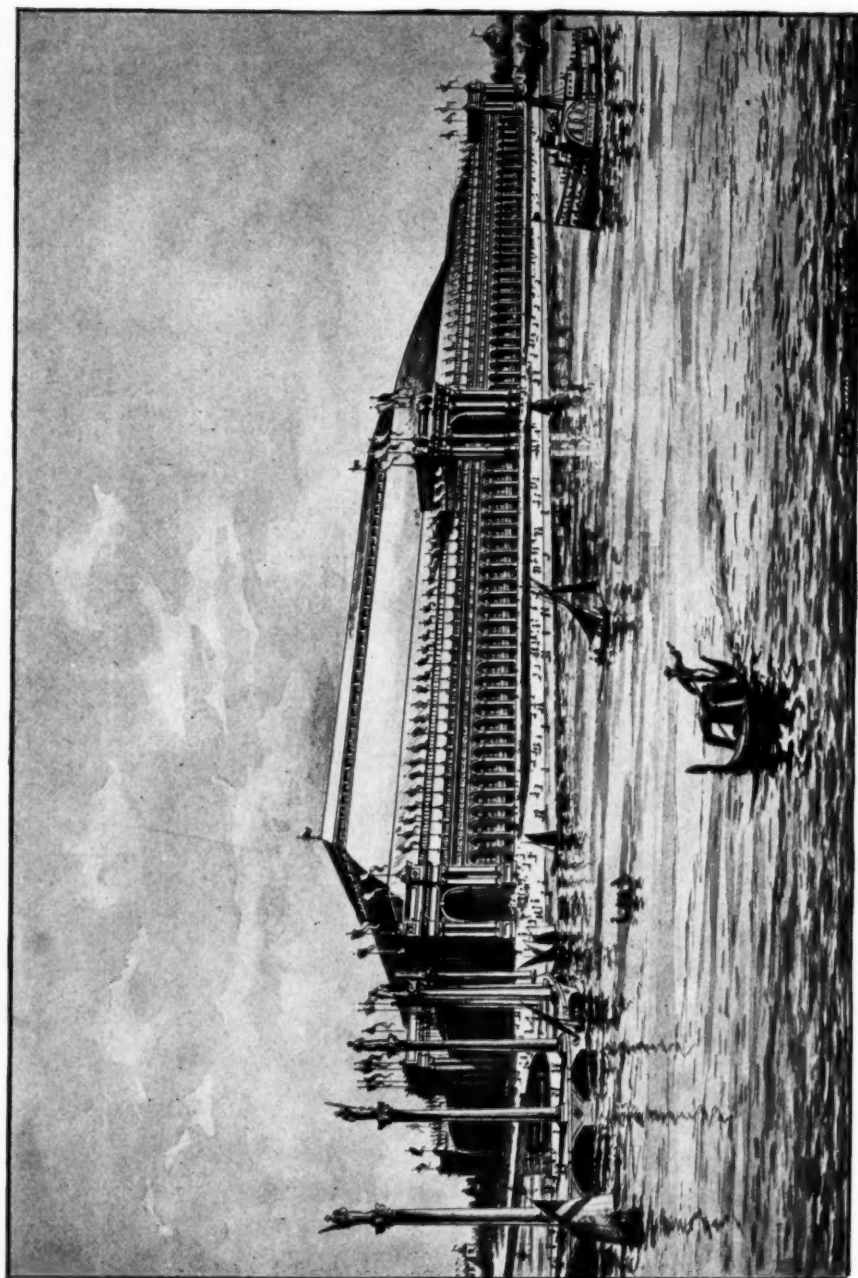
"And are there tears at last?" the heavenly  
guest  
Questioned the mother. "Nay." "Alas! 'tis so  
Another soul consigned to endless woe,"  
The shining one confessed.

"Turn you the glass! Look but once more!"  
"A child, my little child so pure,  
Rivers of tears the mirror now obscure."  
"Then I shall kiss them all away, and bear,  
While angel's smile, within the golden gates  
The spirit of the stainless child who waits  
So white and spotless here."

The angel went. Still kneeling by her dead  
She closed the lids above the sightless eyes,  
Smiled through her tears. "He spares my child,"  
she cries,

Then gently touched the curls of golden hair,  
Kissed the white lips and only waited then,  
"God knows, not I," she said,  
And she was comforted.





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